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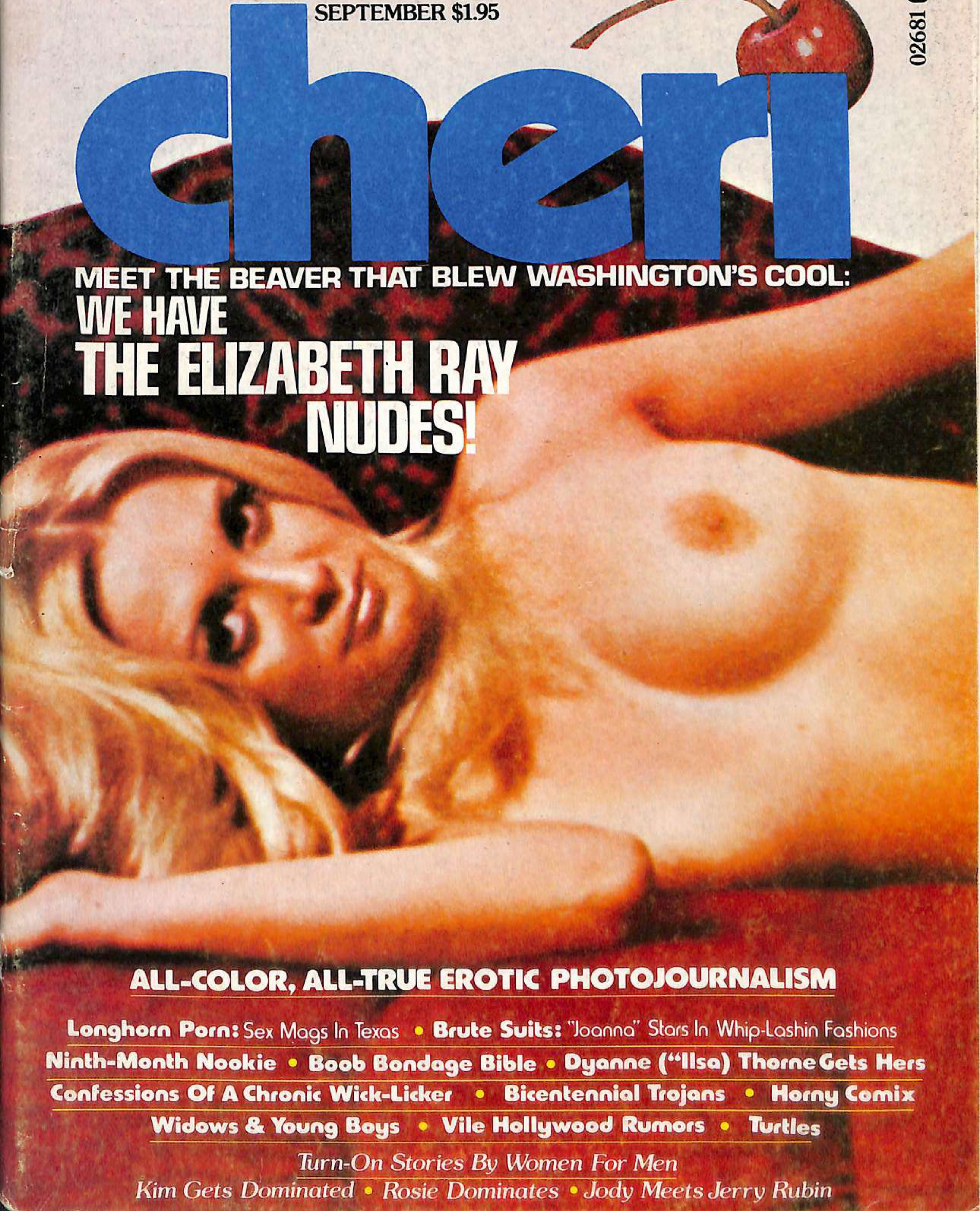

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2 SEPTEMBER 1976

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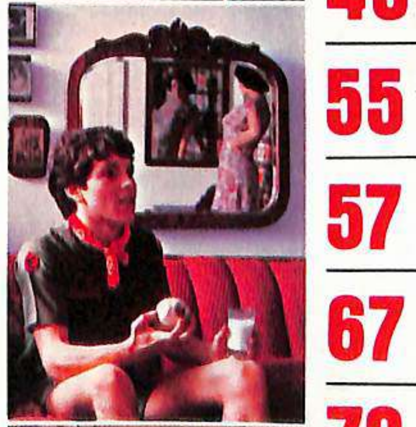

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# OUR GANG

In the first issue of CHERI, we told you about a porno movie queen who works in a massage parlor when she isn't on camera. Think about that for a while! For the first time in history, you could go to a movie, get turned-on, and then for a moderate price, go out and screw the leading lady.

CHERI told you where to find her.

Participation. Involvement. Communication. Information.

That's what CHERI is all about. That's what the morals revolution is all about. That's why *we're where it's at* and all the others are old hat.

CHERI offers you a direct, one-to-one dialogue with the makers and shakers of the erotic blitzkrieg. We offer you all kinds of outlooks and in-looks you simply don't get anywhere else.

But most of all we offer you a membership in our little enterprise. We are a fucking, sucking Super-family, an alliance of readers and performers joined by common curiosities and passions.

We are the first really different event in American journalism since the TV news. Drawing from the pioneering advances of the likes of *Screw* and the *L.A. Star*, we are the first national slick publication to make a monument to the two great emotions of our day: Guts and Hots.

This issue, in the name of CHERI, Kim Pope rented her tight little buns to a couple of Mean Motherfuckers who get their jollies humiliating beautiful women. Kim Pope is not a hooker; she is a reporter. But, because she embodies the spirit of CHERI, she will go anywhere, do anything to get a story.

And that's what it's all about.

• • •

Our second issue takes a short step away from CHERI's usual tongue-in-cheeky attitude to give you an in-depth overview of the now-trendy world of sadomasochism. Among your guides on this leather-and-linkchain-lined safari are Jim Hartwell (author of *Do-It-Yourself Sadomasochism, the* handbook on the subject); our own Mistress Roseanne; columnist Terry Kolb, currently toiling as a professional slave in L.A.'s House of Dominance; Terri Hall and Jamie Gillis (stars of *The Story of Joanna*); and photographers Peter Hurd and Joel Sussman, the latter a veteran of the cruelty and chaos of the *Ilsa* movies.

As usual, the point of view is investigatory and non-judgmental. S/M grew by leaps and bounds as a result of the feminist backlash and was espoused by the media as a fashionable and "daring" taboo. We consider it to be just another form of sexual game-playing and feel it deserves a fair hearing.

We give everything a fair hearing. That's our ballgame: culling and refining the facts of today's adult lifestyle.

• • •

Among the brothers and sisters we welcome to the fold this issue: a new managing editor, Roberta Feather, formerly with *Gallery*; underground cartoonist-ideologue Barney *(Armageddon)* Steel; the *Texas Ball*s Frank Davidson; West Coast photo genius Nippy Phillips; New York's ingenious lensman, Carl Kravatz; Bob Amsel, former editor of *Flick* magazine, and such lusciousnesses as compulsive cocksucker Marcie Sulsinger, the glamourous Gloria Leonard ("Memories"), and a pussy-loving Euro sexpot, Jeanette Sinclair.

We've got a lot of astonishing material in the next hundred pages. Don't miss Jody Maxwell's latest snatch-laden Bible Belt report, or our pregnant poon pictorial, or this month's especially-sleazy round-up of Hollywood gossip by the nationally-syndicated tattle-tale, Telly Tall (a pseudonym).

CHERI is not *Hustler*. You can't read it in two and a half minutes. We don't expect you to be contented with twenty blockbuster pictures. Do yourself a favor, read the whole fuckin' thing. You gotta read it to believe it.

Peter Wolff

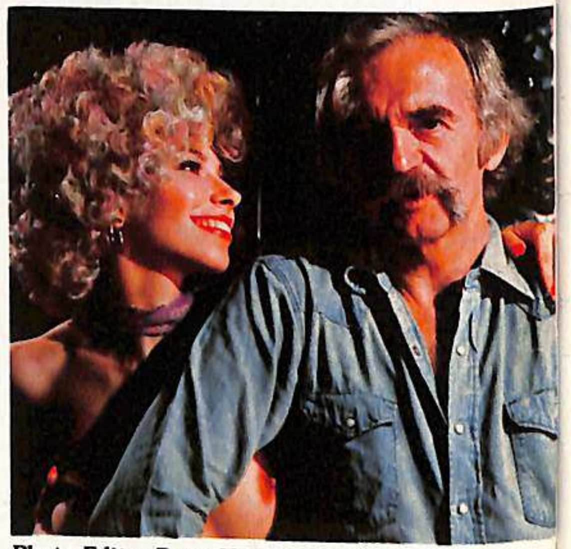
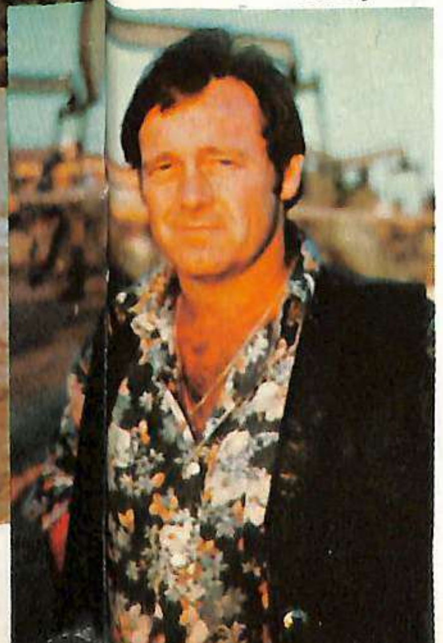


**Photo Editor Peter Hurd and friend**

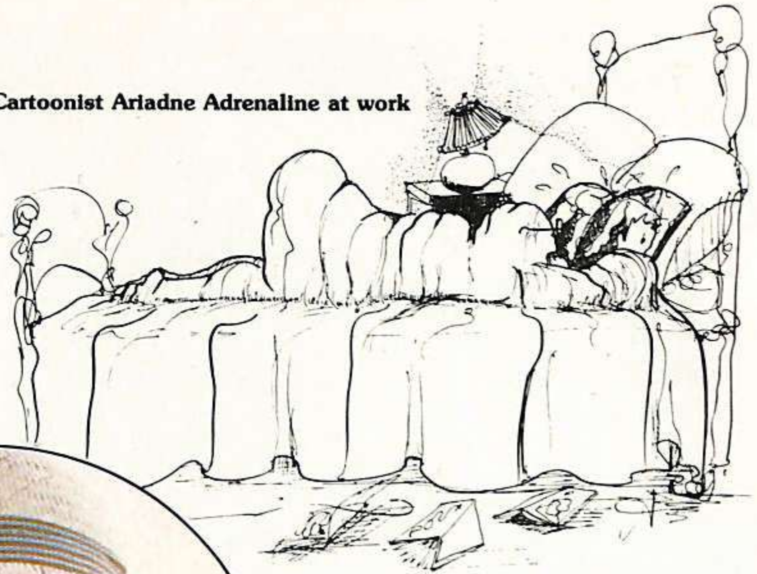
**Roberta Feather (by Lele)**

**The Inimitable Russ Heath**



**Mary Mitchell Grant**

**Cartoonist Ariadne Adrenaline at work**

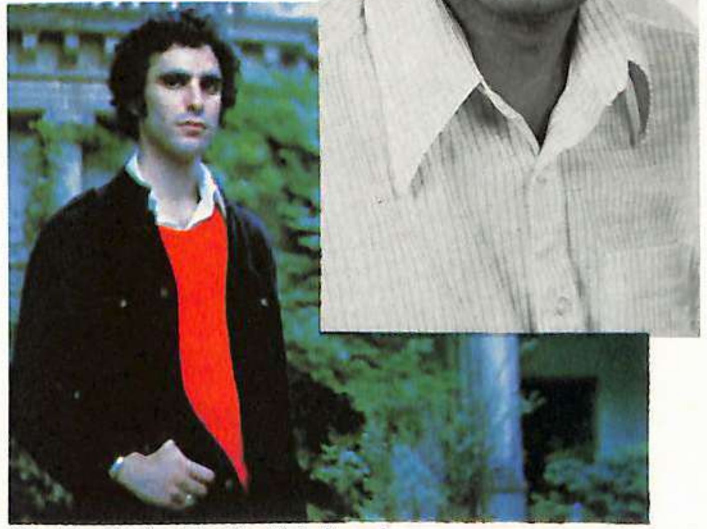


**The Super-Spiffy Carl Kravatz**

**The Incredibly-Hung Rene Rousseau**

**Future Guru**
**Barney Steel**

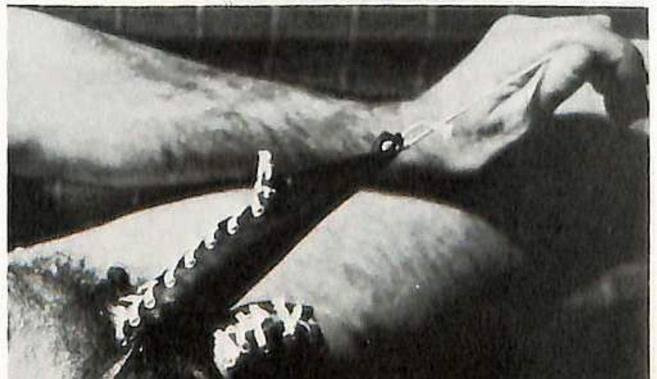
**Pink pioneer Nippy Phillips**



**The Pre-Raphaelite Mr. Bob Amsel**

**Torture Portraitist Joel Sussman**

**Hard-Hearted Jim Hartwell In Harness**



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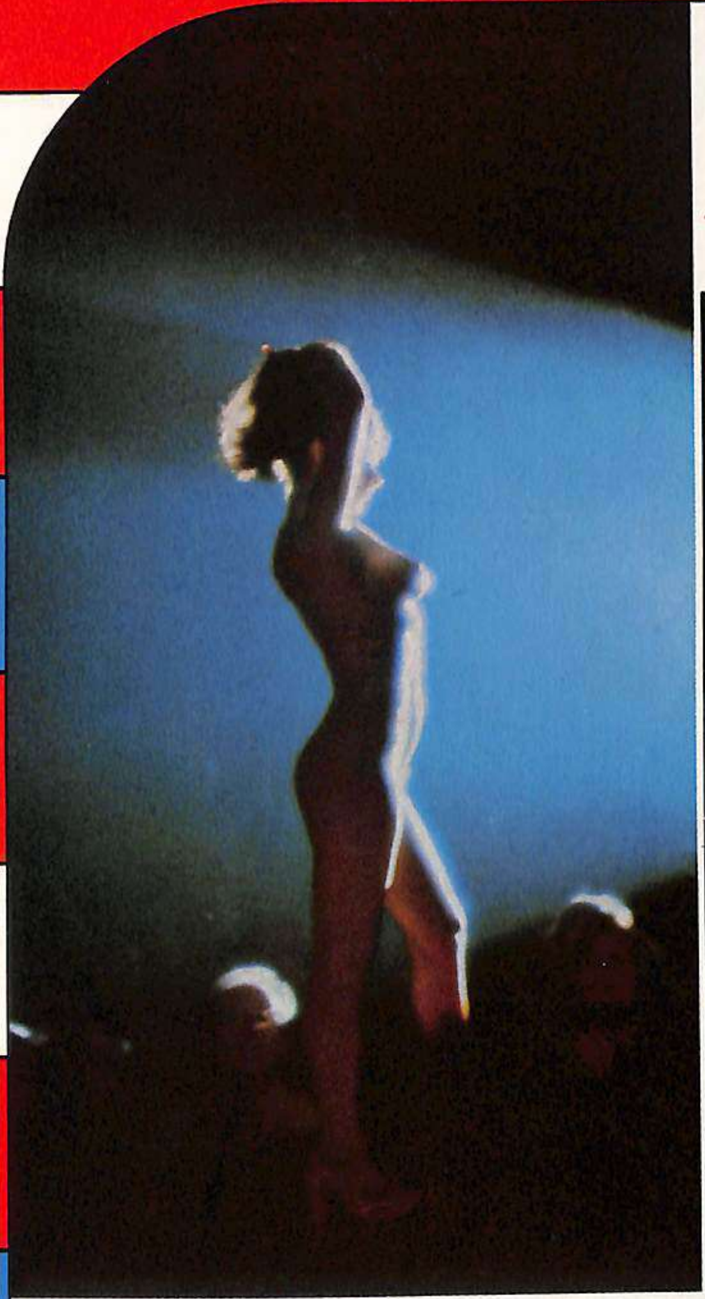
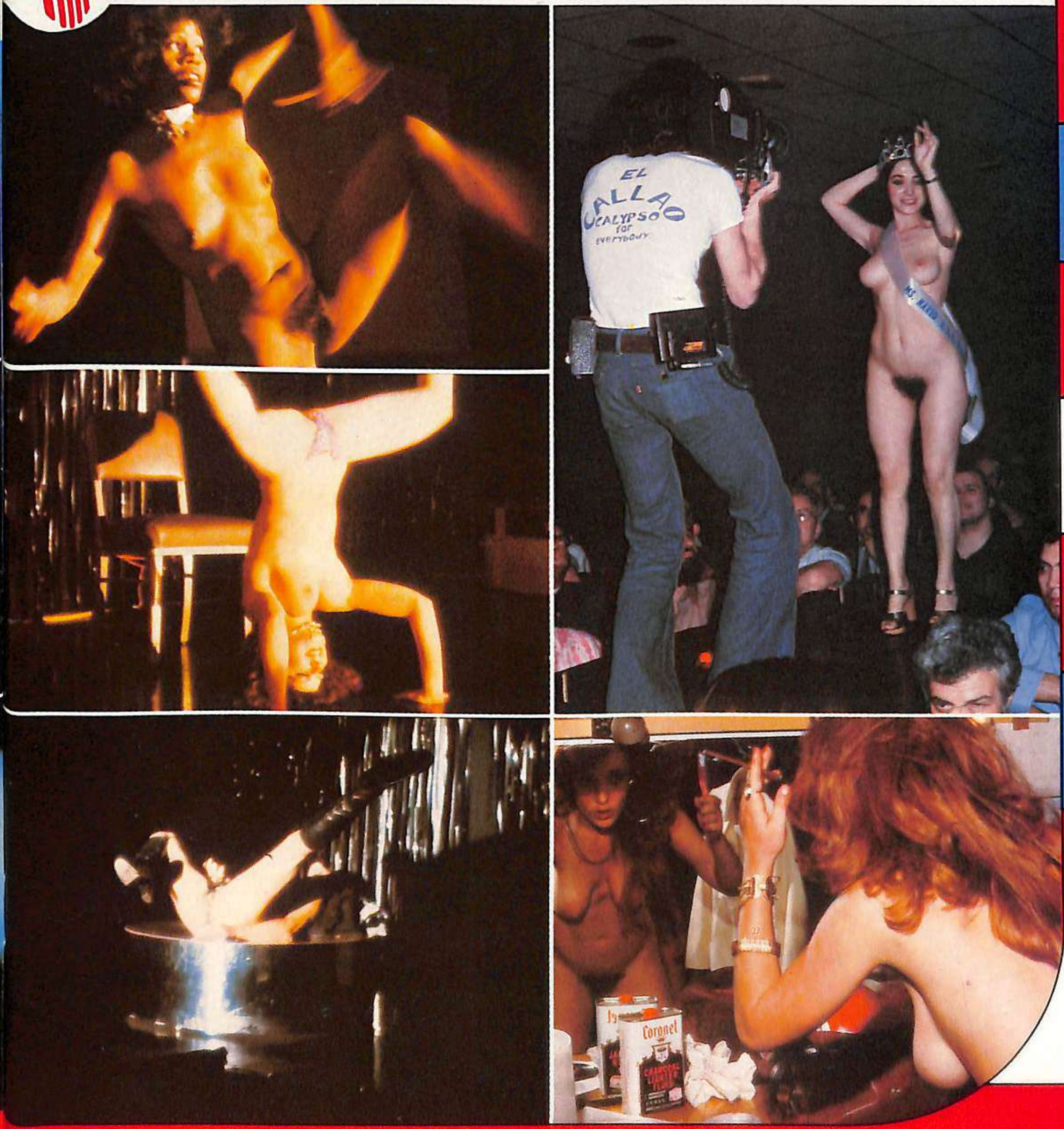




EL CALLAO CALYPSO for everybody

## GREAT AMERICAN TITS::
## PART 2

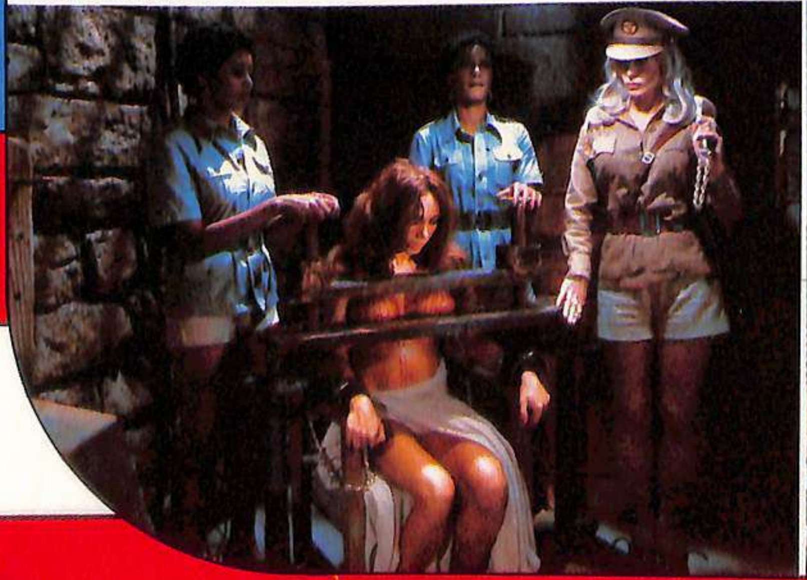
Our own Pete Wolff, a jug man if ever there was one, is partially responsible for the elevation of superbly-structured Sally Ross (above) to the Miss Naked New York title. PW joined radio stars and VIPs on the judging panel of this raunchy All-Bare Revue Spreadathon which featured such large-lunged lovelies as Beth Annette (second row, left), dextrous Leslie Tulip (second row, center) and the no-holds-barred Monique (bottom row, right).

# AMERIcheri

## VULTURE CHIC

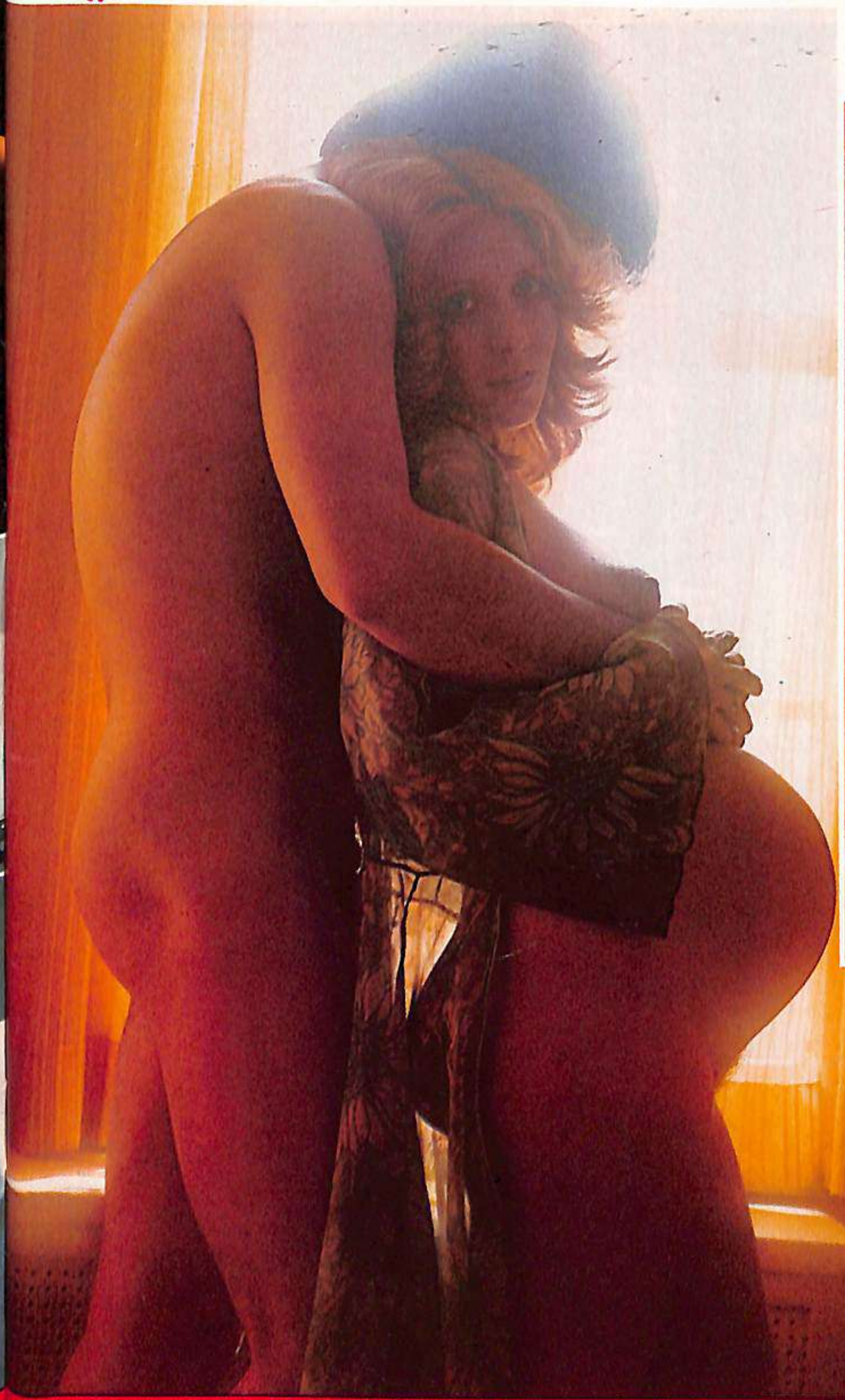
If you love blood in your come, you creamed over "She-Wolf of the S.S.", a paradigm of sensual brutality that had the Dracula-and-DeSade set flocking to the flicks in huge numbers. Now, Ilsa the She-Wolf is back—as "Harem-Keeper To The Oil Shieks." The newest wrinkle here is a remarkable tit-press that would have done Torquemada (not to mention our own Jim Hartwell) proud. Definitely not for the weak at scrotum.

JOEL SUSSMAN



## GREAT WESTERN TABOOS:

## NOOKIE IN THE NINTH MONTH

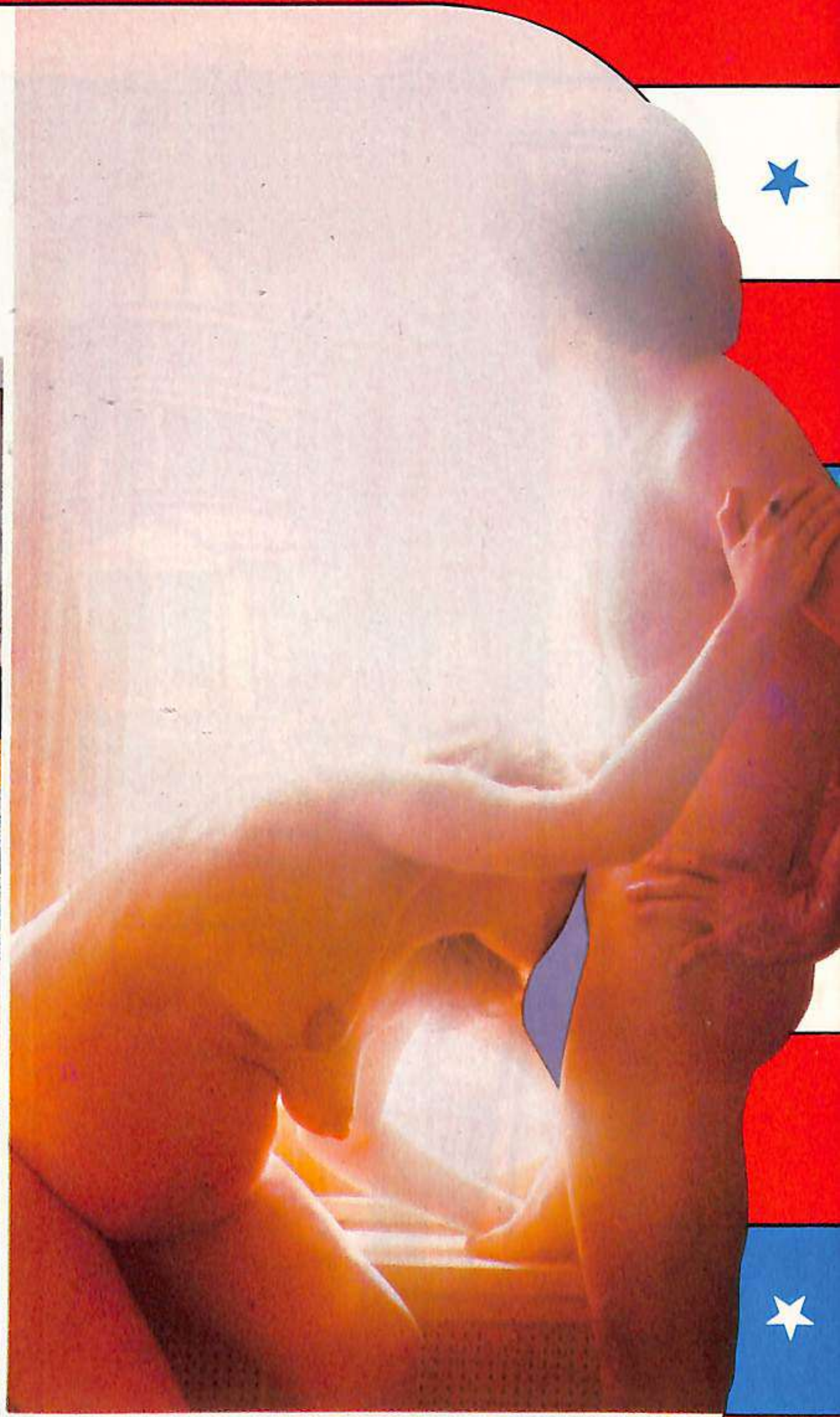


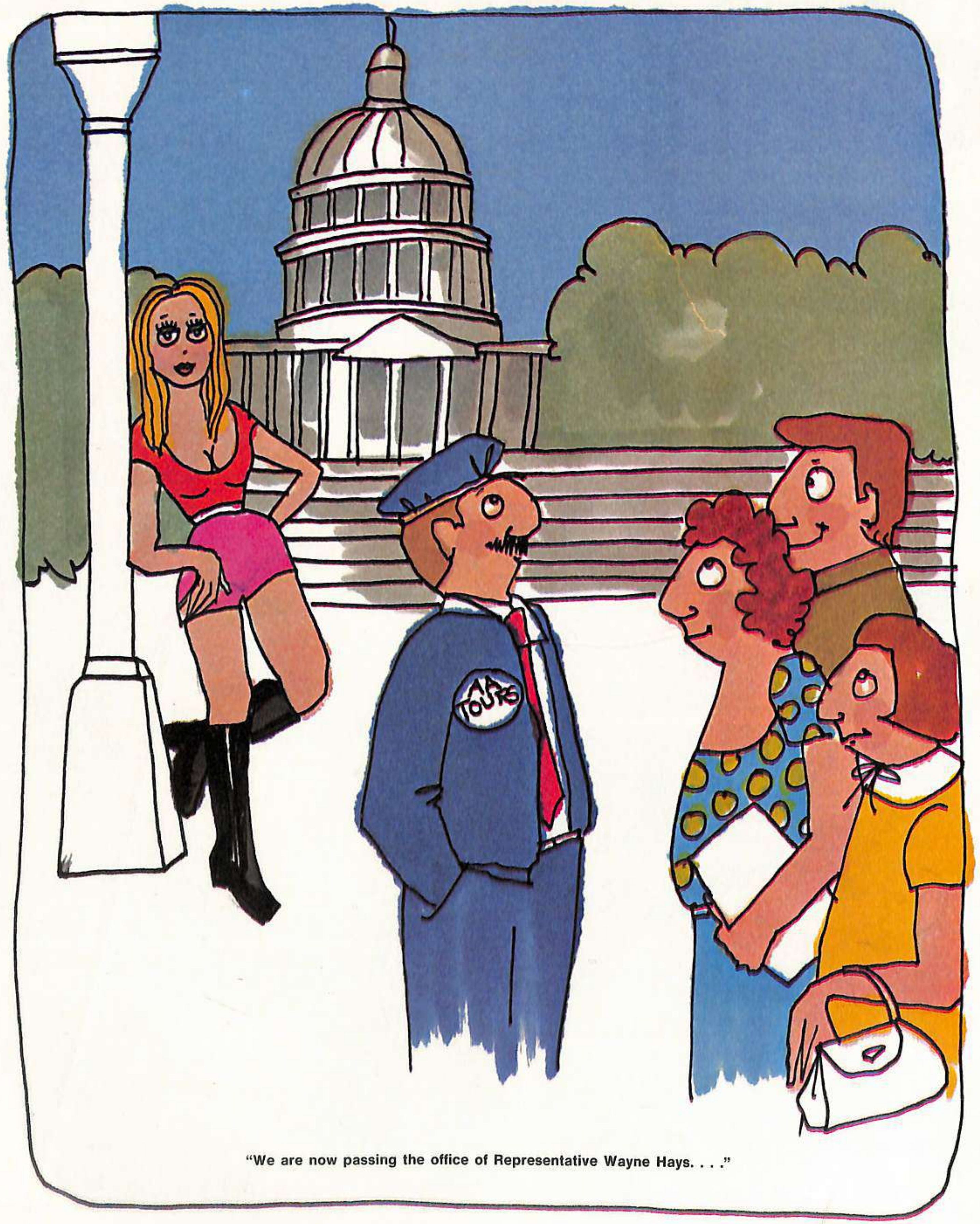
Because we live in a repressed culture, the medical community seizes every possible opportunity to warn us not to fuck. For years, they've urged abstinence in the ninth month of pregnancy, for instance. Well, our friend Calamity Jane doesn't agree. "Wash well, be gentle, and get *it on!*" she exhorts. "A day without nookie is like a dingleberry without toilet paper: everything would fall apart without it."

PETER HURD

# AMERIcheri

## MORE NINTH-MONTH NOOKIE





"We are now passing the office of Representative Wayne Hays. . . ."

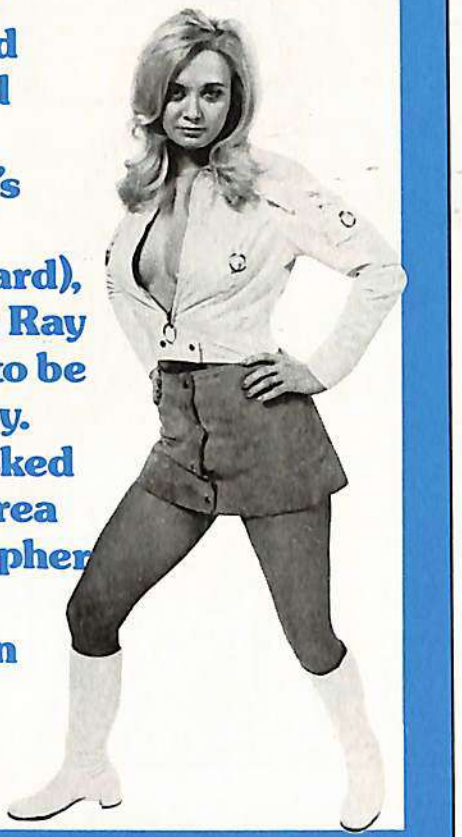
cheri

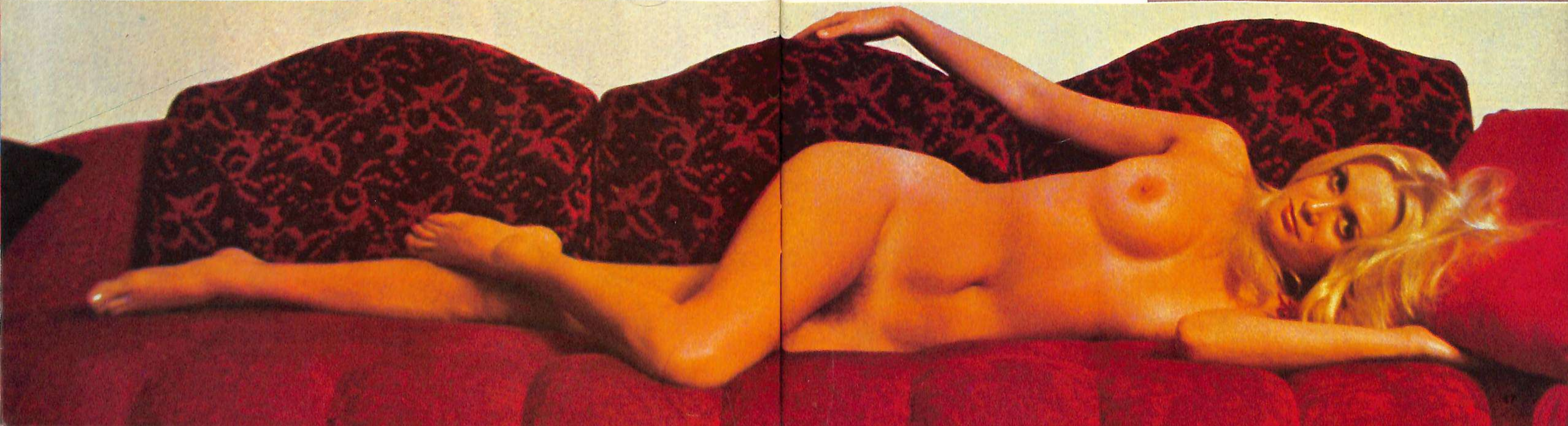
# BICENTENNIAL EXCLUSIVE! LIZ RAY NUDE!

**In Which The Foggy Bottom
Ball-Buster
Displays The Beaver
That Brought
Down The House
(At Taxpayers' Expense.)**

PHOTOS BY BARRY M. BLACKMAN

Back in the days before she was a household word (and the U.S. Congress's favorite punchboard), Elizabeth Ray yearned to be in Playboy. So she asked Capital area photographer Barry Blackman to take these photos.





These pictures lay a-moulderin' in Blackman's files until last month--shortly after Lizzie started her outrageous beans-spilling spree. A technician at Blackmans lab suggested that the ball-and-tell babe in the papers was the same fleshpot who'd bared her pube for Blackman in those leaner and lonelier days.

# NO NAMES PLEASE

## RATED X

**Disgusting Hollywood Gossip**
**By Telly Tall**

**(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)**

### MR. AND MRS. COCKSUCKER

He's one of the greats of television, funny and usually down-homey. But down in the basement of his own Hollywood homey is a very special closet. In it, Mr. Supertube keeps rack on rack of designer dresses, custom-tailored to his own trembly frame.

You see, Sir Straight Arrow just *loves* dressing up like the girl next door when he's off-camera. He's a hard-hitting switch-hitter, hot to trot into the first box that comes along—male *or* female. They say he's got an absolute fetish about Marilyn Monroe, envisioning himself as her male counterpart: a living, fucking-sucking reincarnation of the late lamented Sex Goddess.

Now here's the real trip: When Our Hero and his lithesome bride step out for one of their many adventure-seeking nights on the town, they look more like sisters than husband and wife. Their own little sexual sandboxes include most of the bars in Filmland which cater to the bisex brigade. Mrs. Hero usually takes the aggressive role, sliding her pulsating pube next to some poor, hung, unsuspecting stud. If she gets a wink and shake from his pecker, she'll go into a withdraw and regroup routine, explaining that she'd love to run off and fuck the guy, but she's stuck with this incredibly horny girlfriend who's into threesomes. It seems, she explains, that Miss Fifth Wheel can't reach climax unless she's sucking a cock in a three-way scene. The stud, enchanted by this tight-tailed ball-buster and her "mysterious and sexually eccentric" girlfriend, invariably winds up in the sack with both of them. During the menage, Mr. Supertube never takes off his wig, bra, or bikini panties, content with a mouthful of hard cock on which to suckle. Meanwhile, Mrs. Supertube gets thoroughly laid and parlaid, and the lucky stud gets his jollies over and over again.

So far, Mr. & Mrs. X have pulled off this wild triad countless times without ever getting caught. Part of the reason is that *she's* such a fabulous fuck and *he's* such a superb *suck*.

The irony of it all is that almost everybody who works with the superstar calls him "a real cock-sucker" behind his back. But only very few know how right they are. He's built his career on convincing he's just an ordinary Joe. Or is it *Jo*?

### THE SHIT-SAVORING SATANIST

This one is not for the queasy-balled. There's a very big TV shot who recently told me about the newest kink in his already kink-laden sexual repertory. Feces can be fun, says this singing-clowning superstar. And that's no shit, Shakespeare!

Our subject is Mr. Warmth in front of the cameras, but the warmth he's really come to love is the heat that emanates from a nice, fresh stool.

This is a cat who really likes his broads and, it seems, recently he'd been scoring with a lot of cummy comelies from the Church of Satan in Los Angeles. Any creed with as many fucky-sucky freaks as these can't be all bad, he figured, so he decided to become a devil worshipper.

What Mr. Warmth didn't know was just how low he'd have to sink just to get initiated. To be specific, he had to sink just a little lower than the rectums of five lovely demonic priestesses. The Warm One was an angel during the opening rituals, doing everything he was told, from drinking sheeps' blood to eating excrement straight from the source.

The sheeps' blood didn't faze him but the coprophagy really blew his mind. He found he deep-down dug it and has been digging it ever since!

The word now is that he's gotten to the point where he's out-and-out propositioning guest stars on his weekly series for a little taste of brown breakfast. So next time you see him give off with one of his famous shit-eating grins, you'll know it's for real!

### THE DADDY-DIDDLING DOPER'S DAUGHTER

This is one of those Ultra-Sex-Image kings of the Silver Screen, the handsome, sexy, male leading man in many

(Continued on page 77)

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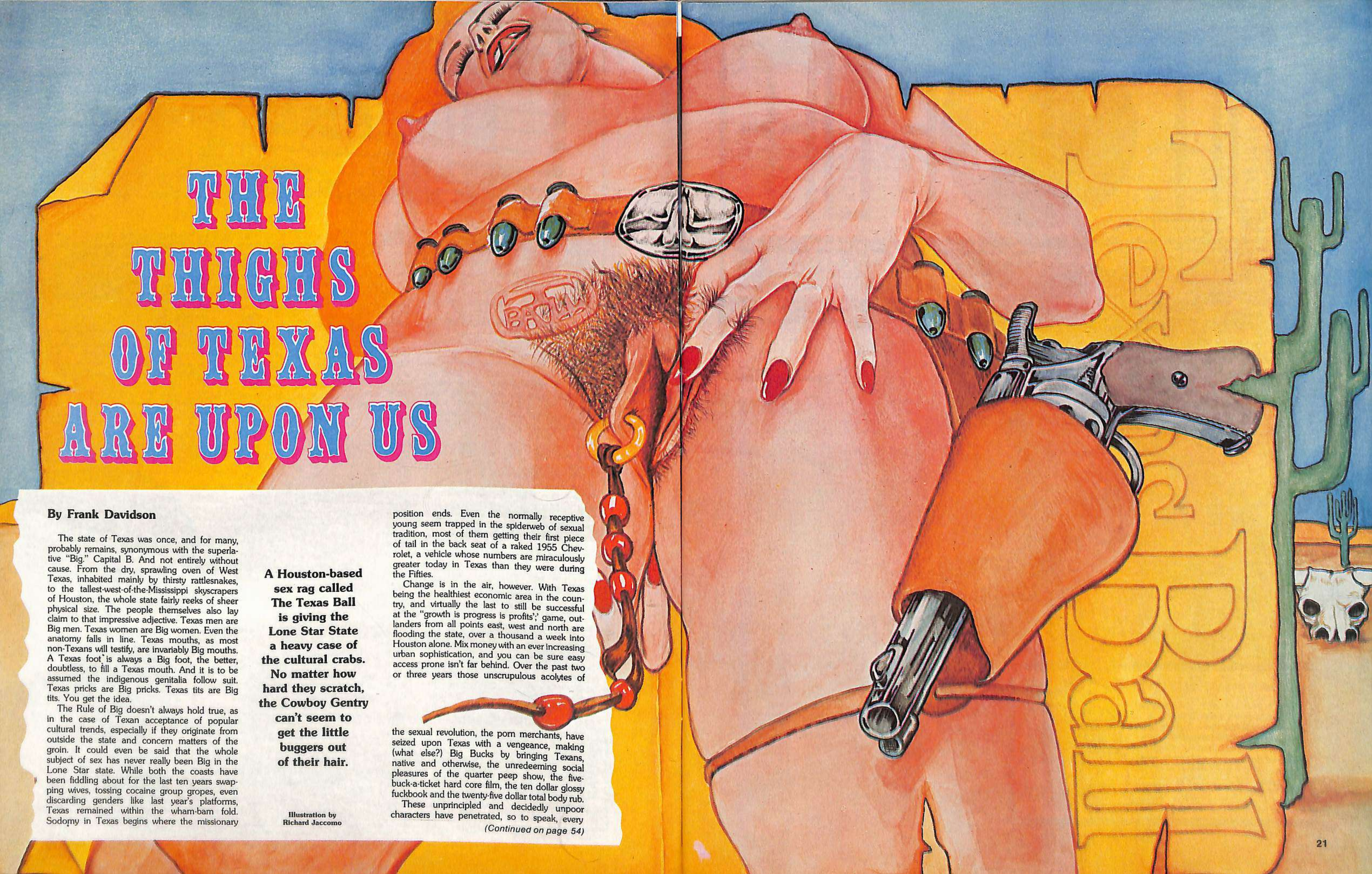
**CUMMING ATTRACTIONS:** Next month, I'll be telling you the real inside stories about: What sexy screen bitch gets off sucking animals. . . . What TV stud can't shoot his wad unless you whip him like fine cream. . . . And other choice dirt from the Dream Factory. . . . Until then, do the best you can without me!

RENE MONCADA



# THE THIGHS OF TEXAS ARE UPON US

**By Frank Davidson**

The state of Texas was once, and for many, probably remains, synonymous with the superlative "Big." Capital B. And not entirely without cause. From the dry, sprawling oven of West Texas, inhabited mainly by thirsty rattlesnakes, to the tallest-west-of-the-Mississippi skyscrapers of Houston, the whole state fairly reeks of sheer physical size. The people themselves also lay claim to that impressive adjective. Texas men are Big men. Texas women are Big women. Even the anatomy falls in line. Texas mouths, as most non-Texans will testify, are invariably Big mouths. A Texas foot is always a Big foot, the better, doubtless, to fill a Texas mouth. And it is to be assumed the indigenous genitalia follow suit. Texas pricks are Big pricks. Texas tits are Big tits. You get the idea.

The Rule of Big doesn't always hold true, as in the case of Texan acceptance of popular cultural trends, especially if they originate from outside the state and concern matters of the groin. It could even be said that the whole subject of sex has never really been Big in the Lone Star state. While both the coasts have been fiddling about for the last ten years swapping wives, tossing cocaine group gropes, even discarding genders like last year's platforms, Texas remained within the wham-bam fold. Sodomy in Texas begins where the missionary position ends. Even the normally receptive young seem trapped in the spiderweb of sexual tradition, most of them getting their first piece of tail in the back seat of a raked 1955 Chevrolet, a vehicle whose numbers are miraculously greater today in Texas than they were during the Fifties.

**A Houston-based sex rag called The Texas Ball is giving the Lone Star State a heavy case of the cultural crabs. No matter how hard they scratch, the Cowboy Gentry can't seem to get the little buggers out of their hair.**

Illustration by Richard Jaccomo

Change is in the air, however. With Texas being the healthiest economic area in the country, and virtually the last to still be successful at the "growth is progress is profits';' game, outlanders from all points east, west and north are flooding the state, over a thousand a week into Houston alone. Mix money with an ever increasing urban sophistication, and you can be sure easy access prone isn't far behind. Over the past two or three years those unscrupulous acolytes of the sexual revolution, the porn merchants, have seized upon Texas with a vengeance, making (what else?) Big Bucks by bringing Texans, native and otherwise, the unredeeming social pleasures of the quarter peep show, the five-buck-a-ticket hard core film, the ten dollar glossy fuckbook and the twenty-five dollar total body rub.

These unprincipled and decidedly unpoor characters have penetrated, so to speak, every

(Continued on page 54)

# FULL OF LIFE

"No nookie in the ninth month," is what Jane's gyno advised her recently. But, like the rest of the gang at CHERI, Jane's not into heavy self-denial. So she took care of business right to the end. Like Jane's old man, CHERI always does a bang-up job! Our stories are pregnant with social significance. Our pictures are full of life. We always take our doctor's advice with a grain of salt. We do things our way.

CHERI is a family magazine. Our family is Jane and Jody and Kim and Maureen and Terry and Jeanette and Peter and Herb and dozens of others.

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# KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

### By JODY MAXWELL

"Everybody knows politicians and hookers go together like Syph and Penicillin."

*Jody Maxwell, film star and jounalist, is back this month with news from Kan-Sex City, the Heart of America. Jody won hearts—and hard-on's—as the singing cocksucker in* SCREW on SCREEN, *and has remained in the spotlight as an entertainer and as a deeply dedicated crusader for total sexual liberation. She shoots the rapids in the middle of Moralamerica's mainstream, and is eager to hear of your local scenes for Kansas City Stark c/o* CHERI.

photograph by SIWER OHLSEN

As an actress and a writer, I do a lot of traveling. Now I'm back home, in Kansas City (the one in Missouri), capital of the Bible Belt. I came back thinking I would find everything peaceful and calm. Not so. There's been a lot happening around here lately—especially with the imminent prospect of a Republican presidential convention. There's been an influx of unusual visitors and prominent names from the world of sex and lifestyle. Of course, we have plenty of exciting natives ourselves, despite our unwarranted rep as a bastion of traditionalism.

***

I was in a local restaurant, interviewing national prostitute organizer Margo St. James and our local hooker leader, Ocelot, about preparations for the Convention when in walks . . . guess who . . . Jerry Rubin! The Yippie guru was here to meet with the latter-day Yipsters, and to plug his new book, *Growing (Up) At 37*, on his way to Texas. We chatted a while about our interviews in *Hustler* (both of us have been Q-and-A'd by them). Jerry's presence here went unnoticed by many, which indicates how much he has "quieted down" in recent years. Much to one local Yippie's dismay, Rubin seemed more an Establishment lion than a street revolutionary.

Margo St. James, the hooker's St. Joan, is helping K.C. working girls blueprint their participation in the GOP meet. After all, everybody knows conventions and hookers go together like syph and penicillin. Kansas City has a surprise in store. Marge & Co. intend to converge upon the city with their "Traveling Hooker Show" in tow. Expect a parade and some concentrated wheeling-and-dealing with GOP delegates for prostitution reform laws and other little delights.

COYOTE, the hooker's union, has joined with the Kansas City Convention Coalition which represents all sorts of interesting revolutionary folk: the Yippies, the Chicago Peace Council, and the National Coalition of Gay Activists.

Head spokesman for the KCCC, former Yippie Hiram Hiller, a native Kansas Citian, says his group is an "umbrella logistic" organization for any and all organized minority groups, dissidents, and anyone else who wants to put their two cents in the Republican gatherees' ears. Hiller expects 7000 rebels to assemble under his banner.

Their monumental problem, so it would seem, is where to put their soldiers. The Coalition's request to the Park Commissioners' Board for use of Penn Valley Park, or any park, plus sanitary facilities, etc. was turned down. Where will the people stay? Hiram Hiller says that they'll use the parks anyway.

August is the hottest month of the year in Kansas City, with temperatures, last year, frequently over 100 degrees. The lack of facilities for at least 7000 people could make it an even hotter August this year.

***

About 100 miles to the southwest of Kansas City, by car, and about 100,000 miles behind by most any other measure, lies a city of 276,554 people called Wichita, Kansas. Wichita leads the Sunflower State in manufacturing,shipping, and size. Ironically, this former heart of Indian country before the Louisiana Purchase, is the setting and scene for the federal obscenity trial of Al Goldstein, publisher and editor of *Screw*, and his former partner, Jim Buckley. The trial, now in its early stages could become a landmark for all the press, not just Al, Jim, and *Screw*. Members of the press throughout the country will be anxiously watching this trial, because as the publisher of a somewhat conservative Midwest magazine said to me, whether or not you like *Screw* is not the issue. What is important are the rights and freedoms of those who publish and print and write as well as those who buy and read. If Goldstein and Buckley should lose, not only could they each receive over a century in jail, but a dangerous censorship precedent would be established. The fact that the federal government went to great lengths to hold this trial in the middle of the state of Kansas, and pulled it off, shows how much somebody wants to repress sexual journalism. Repress *Screw* and *everybody* in the American press will be "fair game."

Now, if that doesn't raise your Irish enough, remember, it's yours and my taxes paying for this travesty in Wichita, Kansas.

I wish Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley the best of luck, as I hope all of you do.

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Before we leave Wichita, I must report that a man has been arrested there forprostitution. It seems he took out an ad in the local paper offering women fulfillment of their desires and needs for a price. An undercover female detective answered his ad. Arrangements were made. She went to his room, money changed hands and the female detective made her bust.

So much for Wichita, Kansas.

***

Only in the Midwest would a group of college women (from Warrensburg's State) line up in a bar, as participants in a wet T-shirt contest. The women wore nothing but T-shirts and shorts, only to have water thrown at them. The breast girl won.

At a nightclub in Lawrence, Kansas (about 30 miles from K.C.), recently, a chorus line of Kansas University men performed go-go dances in the nude before an all-female audience. According to one dancer, billed as the South Dakota kid, one woman came right out of the audience and grabbed him! (I hope she grabbed gently and with nice strokes.)

The dean of men at K.U., Donald K. Alderson, has a list of the thirty fraternity men who circled a sorority *(Continued on page 78)*

# I, KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

**By Kim Pope**

*Movie actress, sexual liberationist, and mistress of disguise, Kim Pope ventures where moral chickens fear to tread, investigating worlds we curiosity-seekers know only third-hand. This month, she sells her body to a pair of harsh "masters" in an effort to uncover realities in the secret sphere of S/M. She will be happy to go undercover and open your secret world. Readers' suggestions are welcome.*

"She will please your every whim. Punish her as you see fit."

It's seven o'clock. I stand before my mirror carefully tucking my blonde hair into a long dark wig. I scrutinize my make-up carefully. It's very important that *he* will not recognize me.

I'm about to go on my first "undercover" adventure. Tonight I will visit a man who regularly hires women to be dominated by him. I have never in my life accepted money for my favors (tonight's "take" will be eventually returned). Nor am I, I suspect, a true submissive. Nevertheless, I have made this contract through a trusted friend and am eager to investigate the choreographies involved in this bizarre and mysterious world.

I have been told that my "master-for-a-night" is a lawyer in his late thirties, a married man and a father. His "thing" is humiliation. The prospect terrifies me.

I am wearing a grey wool dress, seamed stockings, and high heels. Under my scarf is a narrow slave collar and the dress masks a chastity belt.

I carry a sealed envelope containing two items—the key to my chastity belt's tiny padlock and a letter:

> *Dear Sir Jonathan,*
>
> *I present for your amusement, my slave Jeanine. She is eager but inexperienced. Therefore, certain restrictions must be requested. Her rear passage is as yet virgin. I wish it to remain so for the time being. I want no marks or bruises as she is rather fragile. And, keeping in mind her novice condition, pray, nothing too extreme.*
>
> *However, she is to please you in all things and obey your every whim. Place her in bondage and punish her as you see fit. Show her kindness, but never weakness. She has much to learn and it is our duty not to neglect her education. She has been forbidden to speak unless spoken to. This will spare you her childish questions.*
>
> *I have instructed her to serve you for two hours, after which time she is to call me and report that she has obeyed. Please allow her to do so or she will be severely chastised upon her return.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
> *Sir Geoffrey*

The hope is that my new master will respect a fellow dominant and not get carried away. And my enforced passivity will force *him* to direct the scenes we will play. I am walking into a strange man's apartment, having jettisoned my Will. It is a chilling prospect.

I've done some pretty violent scenes in films but this isn't an actor, this is for real! I am curious? What will this man be like? Will he allow me to understand him? A friend is downstairs in a restaurant ready to rescue me if I do not call at the appointed hour.

It's eight o'clock. I am on time. I ring the bell and wait. I arrange my face and lower my eyes. My Master opens the door. He is dressed in leather pants and a black shirt that looks like silk. He is tall and lean with an arrogant air. I wordlessly hand him the envelope and step inside. He carefully looks me up and down and I think he is pleased. He orders me to sit. I do so and he reads the letter.

I examine his apartment. It is expensively furnished but cold. There are no plants or pets, no personal pictures, nothing to tell of the people who live there or their personalities.

There is a piano in the corner and I wonder if he plays. He ignores me and goes to the bar and mixes himself a drink. He then turns and stares at me. I silently admire his presence. He would make a good actor. I wonder if he is acting? He tells me to stand and approach him. I do so. He then tells me to take off my dress. I do so. He smiles when he sees the chastity belt and my rouged nipples. After I am fully exposed, I turn so he can see me, and I kneel in front of him.

He seems uncertain for a moment, so I speak: "Master, I am yours." My eyes are on his leather-clad crotch and I see a sudden bulge. This must be a cue of some sort. Suddenly he grabs my arm and jerks me to my feet. There is a frightening light in his eyes and for a moment I am scared. My God, what have I gotten myself into? He slaps my face and tells me I have broken my silence. He is more sure of himself now and takes some rope from the table and binds my wrists. There is a hook in the ceiling that I hadn't noticed before. He loops the cord through and pulls it tight, then removes my shoes and pulls the rope so I am forced to stand on tiptoe. He blindfolds me with a woman's scarf. I wonder if his wife knows what he does for kicks when she's not at home.

I feel his hands on my body, touching and exploring. They are sweaty and trembling. He calls me a slut and a whore . . . the more he talks the more violent and coarse his language becomes . . . now he speaks of his wife, of how she doesn't love him and how much he would like to dominate her and make her love him. As I listen I suspect he's also submissive. Perhaps with his wife. Perhaps she controls him and *this* is how he gets his secret revenge.

He leaves me and I am alone. The rough intruding hands are gone. The apartment is very quiet. I try to see around the blindfold but the room is too dark and it's tied too tight. My wrists are starting to hurt and I have a cramp in my leg from standing on tiptoe for so long. So this is bondage. It's a strange feeling to

*(Continued on page 30)*

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# DIVINE DECADENCE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

**By MAUREEN MURPHY**

photograph by GERNOT PLITZ

*Maureen Murphy, Hollywood journalistic pioneer (she co-founded* Love, *worked on the* Star *and* Finger*), now toils for the* L.A. Sun *and a new ambisexual mag called* His & Hers. *In a recent letter, she wrote us, "I am a whore, I guess, but 'I didn't lose my virginity, I got rid of it.' (I think Germaine Greer said that.)" Maureen offers a unique and lively voice for the liberated, nonsexist girl of the Seventies. Write her here at CHERI.*

"Forget the person, forget everything, I'm so goddamn horny I could *kill*!"

I met him on a Tuesday night. We were both a little under the influence, and barely managed the proper etiquette of introductions.

Two days later he calls me and orders, "Pack your bags, we're going to Palm Springs." Now if it was anywhere else but Palm Springs, I'd tell him to suck cheese. But since Palm Springs is one of my weaknesses, I was packed and ready to go in fifteen minutes.

Friends warned me. They said he could be the Slasher, a psycho, a pain freak. I chuckled it all off. Yet, little did I know what turkey lurked behind this poor excuse of a man.

He proved he had balls with his credit cards, his games. When I finally realized how insecure he was, and how he used money for a crutch, I lost respect for him.

All this happened in a matter of one-and-a-half days. He spent the whole weekend psycho-analyzing me and using weaknesses as target points. His games were so transparent I was embarrassed for him.

He would do weird things like pay for a $1.50 drink with a $100 bill. He'd boast about his hot-rod (and I do mean car).

Shit. I just wanted a fucking suntan. I told him I thought that that was the arrangement, a relaxing weekend, not debating issues and answers. But I guess that was my Karma. In this case, first I "looked at the purse." But even self-indulgent, snotty, spoiled me couldn't take advantage of this ignoramus scum-bag.

When it came to fucking I pretended to be sick from the abuse of alcohol. Repeating "the room is spinning, I'm gonna dump," he stayed away, poor thing.

Earlier when I was unpacking my beauty aids, he noticed a jar of Noxema skin cream. He began to protest my using it, "because I can't stand the taste or smell."

"Ah-ha!" Counter-attack. Naturally, immediately after my shower, and immediately before we were to climb upon the mattress of sensual delight, I rubbed half the jar of Noxema cream all over my body. As soon as I entered the room his nose twisted itself into a knot.

He questioned why I must use this cream so heavily. I laughed and blurted out, "It's to war off evil spirits." I felt guilty about my lack of self-control, but at the same time, amused. Amused at my move on his elusive chess board. But he couldn't take the hint!

How was I gonna get out of this one? I just couldn't take it any longer.

The next morning, out by the pool, I met my knights in shining armor. Two of them! One 26, the other 24. And they just happened to live in Hollywood. And they just happened to invite me to spend a few more days, and not go back with Mr. Turkey T.V. Dinner. I was so hot to trot after a weekend with that boring Schlepp, I couldn't control myself . . . again.

I made up my mind I was staying. Senor Party Pooper could submerge into smog city alone.

He left. I stayed and had one of the hottest weekends in Palm Springs ever! And I do mean hot!

### THE LATEST MISS AMERICA CONTEST—A BAD BATCH OF BARBIE DOLLS LEFT OVER FROM THE 60'S

We couldn't believe our eyes. Some of the contestants were so uncoordinated, so ungraceful and so ugly!!

They're still wearing the teased hairspray flip, Catalina bathing suits accompanied with spikeheels. Who on earth wears high heels with their bathing suits? I wonder if the judges have a shoe fetish. Obviously they're already voyeurs.

I've never watched anything so snooty in my life.

I mean, where are the girls with curly kinky hair? And the ones with the small breasts, huh? You won't see them lined up at the grade AA, Choice Meat Prime-Cut Atlantic City floor show.

Those googy-eyed, perverted judges don't know what beauty is. Beauty glows from within. We've all met "attractive" people, but the beautiful people (the BP's) are few and far between.

### INSTANT INSANITY

You'd never expect a friend who had so much going for himself to do it. But when the phone rang that day I got a queasy feeling in my stomach, as if I already knew.

He had stabbed himself four times and then took forty Valium just for the hell of it. He figured maybe they'd pay attention to him this time. A month earlier he'd hung himself in the back yard. Both times his wife saved him. Each time he ended up in the Psychiatric Ward, after being rushed in by the paramedics for the injuries.

They pumped him full of Stellazine and other sedatives. The drugs were bad enough, but when shock treatment was suggested after the first incident, the family freaked. They removed him from the hospital. He went home with his wife. His fucked-up dominant mother flew in from New York and stayed with them for a month. When his mother decided she would fly home again, he played the sequel on the day she had planned to leave. She ended up staying an extra week.

No one knows what to do with him. The chaos within him is now turned into chaos for all concerned.

Well, now it's been two weeks since his first episode. He'll soon be released again, even though he has been classified a paranoid schizophrenic. Why? Because his Medi-Cal benefits ran out. He's not rich enough to get well.

Where should the temporarily insane go? Do we dare lay the

*(Continued on page 78)*

# THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By TERRY KOLB

"I have to take spankings and whips, and submit to bondage. It's fun"

*Terry Kolb, a founder of the New York Eulenspiegel Society (dedicated to masochist lib), has carried her torch to the West Coast and now pursues the submissive life in Los Angeles. CHERI brings you Ms. Kolb's latest report on the L.A. masochist scene and the first word on her new career at The House of Dominance. She welcomes your mail c/o CHERI.*

LOS ANGLES—My life here started out rather normally until I bought my first copy of the *L.A. Free Press*. That paper has a section called Adult Advertising which is mind blowing, even to a New Yorker. There is just no equivalent in "Fun City" to the range, the variety of the kinkiness of the ads. One section, headed "Private Parties," lists a wide variety of houses devoted to swinging. Most of these party houses have one night a week devoted to B&D.

I went to one such party in Tarzana. It was in a big, luxurious house with a heated swimming pool and a large living room with a bar. A hot buffet was being served and *Deep Throat* was playing on a projector. Everyone had their clothes on in this room.

In the back were private rooms, a large orgy room and a bondage room. A nude man named Joe was tied down on a table and women were crowded around him. They were sexually teasing him in various ways and I gleefully joined the fun. I sucked his cock and stuck ice cubes up his ass. When he finally got off the table, he asked me if I wanted to be "it" next. I hesitated until he assured me that he would protect me from all harm. First, he tied me to the wall with my arms over my head and whipped me. Then he tied me to the same table he had been on.

I was blindfolded and I soon felt hands all over me. Someone started eating me while someone else stuck a finger up my ass. It was a very sensual feeling. After a while, Joe took me into a private room and fucked me.

That was my first and only experience with swinging. It was fun but it was not true S&M. I got turned off the second time I went to that party house because there were a lot of pot bellied men on the make there, and no girls were doing anything. As soon as I walked in, the hostess suggested I get on the bondage table because she remembered me from the last time. I refuse to be the "life of the party" when no one else is willing to be a good sport.

Things only got really interesting when I got a job with the House of Dominance working as a submissive. I had long noticed the ads in the *L.A. Free Press* under "Jobs" for submissive girls. I had heard of professional dominants but not of professional submissives. I had sometimes thought about doing it, but it was just fantasy. Now the real possibility had presented itself. I carried the ads around for weeks until the paper started falling apart. I went as far as calling one number to make an appointment to come in. But when I got there, it was just a regular apartment house and I was afraid to go in there. It just looked too private for my own safety.

For one month I forgot about the whole thing. Then one day I was tripping around the city with a girlfriend and we decided to visit the House of Dominance for a tour. I was impressed by the atmosphere and all the equipment. The profesional appearance of the place emboldened me to ask about a job. I was given an application and an interview, and finally I was put through a session to see if I could "take it." When it was over, they told me I had the job. I could start the next day.

They have told me that getting real submissives to work there has been difficult. They feel they have only had one other besides me. I have to take moderate spankings with paddles and whips and submit to a great variety of bondage positions on the many ingenious devices of our three dungeons. It's fun. I don't have any sex with my customers as the House of Dominance is strictly legit. In L.A., dominance is legal but prostitution is not.

There are two dominants working there, Lauri and Mona. They had to go through an extensive training period before they could start. The result is a mind-blowing trip for anyone signing up for their sessions. They are alike and yet different. Mona actually comes during sessions. She utilizes a code word with which customers can end a session if it gets too severe. Unless they use that word, they can scream their heads off and she won't stop. Lauri does not use a code word, believing that the right to end a session should belong to the dominant alone.

Men who expect a sexy masseuse to "play" with them are rudely awakened when they find themselves helplessly bound and cruelly lashed with the whip. Some men faint at this point. Many end up as converts. It is certainly no game. Undercover cops have been known to come in looking for a prostitution bust, only to leave with a bloody ass and empty handcuffs.

Lauri leads a straight life outside of the House of Dominance in which she is a pillar of her suburban community. I tell everyone where I work: I openly wear a shirt with the word "slave" on it. I also have a sign on my door saying "Slave Quarters."

The manager of the House of Dominance is Bob, a man with an impressive history of accomplishments. He has been a college professor, a school principal, a marketing manager for a major computer company as well as a professional, gourmet cook. He now turns his considerable talent toward cooking a meal for us every night. He is an ex-marine and a formidable karate expert. He is also capable of great tenderness of feeling. His greatest love is song writing and he has a large repertoire of songs. He got involved with dominance as a slave to the legendary Mistress Lonnie, now retired. He is no longer actively into B&D but he still likes to be around it. He has made almost all of our leather equipment. He is always playing jokes and preparing surprises for us. When I mentioned that I wanted to get a ben wah to help me get off during sessions, Bob had the company buy one *(Continued on page 78)*

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# MISTRESS ROSEANNE

Come here, slave! Straighten your dress! I can see the tops of your garters. Must you always look like a slob? You can fix my afternoon tea and then sew those buttons on my coat. Weren't you supposed to do that yesterday? I don't intend to wait forever to wear that jacket again, you know. And then there are today's chores: wash my underwear out by hand, do the rest of the laundry, wax the floors. And when you have time, Cinderella, I expect to see your moustache trimmed and your toenails polished. Yes, use that bright red polish, the kind I like. You'll be sleeping in the bathtub tonight and *if* you behave yourself (and that most *certainly* includes not pestering me for cigarettes the rest of the evening), I *may* consider granting you the *luxury* of a pillow and a small, thin blanket.

Strange orders for a woman to be giving a man in this day and age, no? Your first inclination, especially if you're the trucker-type guy, is to call my man a real pussy. Well, I'm here to tell all you big macho boys that your interpretation of what turns women on is all fucked up. The man I have succeeded in so thoroughly disciplining can say, honestly, that he is not only a better-than-average "man," but a true "person" and a *healthy* individual. My slave does not hide behind the facade of what he thinks society expects of him, but easily, and readily, admits an awareness of his own fantasies, and what's more, he has the balls to play his fantasies out.

He is his own person. His own *man*. Don't you wish you could say the same?

He is my eunuch, my whipping post, my property. To use or abuse as I see fit. But more than this, he is my friend, my companion, my confidant, my advisor, and, strange as it may seem, coming, as it does, from an adult, my *playmate*.

We have been together more than a year now and have an understanding that goes much deeper than your so-called normal "couple" arrangement. We are utter opposites, and, as such, are able to complement each other completely. We are also able to "take" from each other's extremes.

Ask him what pleasure he derives from being so subservient and he'll not lie. (He is not permitted to lie—under threat of the sternest punishment!) He'll simply tell you that the commencement of each order, each punishment or scene, is a sensual turn-on. The execution of the subsequent act is simply his way of life.

Why does he choose to dress and make-up as a woman? It's both a carnal kick—and a wondrous humiliation. Female plumage, after all, is so much more interesting.

His reward as a masochist is the pleasure he derives from delighting and helping others. In slavery there is a unique contentment and the potential for *complete* achievement of a task.

*A New York-based dominant, who leaped into the limelight with a bone-jangling display of cruelty on Cable TV, Mistress Roseanne writes each month of the kink-krammed world of mistress and slave. She seeks your ideas on the matter and will answer letters in her column.*

"He is my eunuch, my whipping post, my personal property. As well as my friend, advisor and playmate. . . ."

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Do we have normal sex together? No, not at this moment. He doesn't desire it and, until he's more developed, more totally obedient and self-denying, I'll not offer it to him. He has to earn and respect such a grant. He must realize that if he should, in the final reckoning, get some small pleasure from it, it will merely be a bonus, a stroke of fortune.

What pleasure does such a man derive from intense pain? When he is beaten for a misdemeanor, I intend that he will feel it and remember it, even for a few days afterward. It is a lesson that has to be learned. You see, my slave holds that pain is a turn-on only at a low threshold, after which it is bearable only as a challenge. Beatings, therefore, are to be avoided.

He is turned on by bondage and tight-fitting clothing and I humor both his desires and the sexual feelings he obtains from their application. However, the terms of his restraint are *completely* up to me. I will release him only when it suits my own personal fantasies to do so.

Beneath his clothing, he wears a heavy chain and lock wrapped tightly about his waist—a permanent reminder of his relationship to me. Generally, he also wears a light dress collar-and-lock around his neck as a *public* reminder of his position.

Bondage is my own turn-on. Most often, I will apply various locks and chains before he goes to sleep at night and he will remain uncomfortably secured until I release him in the morning so he may trundle off to work.

He gets his excitement from the initial application of the restraint, but he must pay for it by the intensity and the duration of the discomfort.

He is a *man*, a term I will not use loosely. A *man* must be above-average as a person. He is 47, has traveled most of the world, from India to Egypt to South America, holds most impressive credentials: planning engineer, overseas technical advisor, manager on a tea plantation, circus coordinator, aircraft and marine engineer, etc., etc.

His resume only reinforces my theory that the more intelligent the person, the more worldly the person, the more kinky their fantasies.

We have gauges for "normal" and "average" in terms of intelligence. But there is no norm for fantasies. What can *we* say when the person we must judge is more in tune with himself than we are? Most people who find it necessary to judge and ridicule others are guilt-ridden and embittered by their own inabilities to achieve oneness with their personal demands as well as intensely jealous of other people's abilities to come out of the closet. My *man* is not.

# SWING SHIFT

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By Audrey Andrews

I always make it a point to catch all of the high-budget X rated films. The other night I finally went with two friends to catch one of the biggest budgeted and most highly promoted X films of the year, Gerard Damiano's *The Story of Joanna*. Let me hasten to clarify that no attempt is being made in any way to plug this film here, or have it cannibalize our swingtime. I think the movie is one of the most boring and depressing pieces of garbage ever to hit the silver screen. The music is depressing and sombre, and the whole thing is a down. It is repressed Roman Catholic pornography at it's worst, and heaven knows we've had enough of that without having to go to the cinema to see it.

However, seeing *The Story of Joanna* gave me one of my most pleasurable three-party sexual encounters in quite awhile. I was sitting in the balcony between two friends, Basil and Sarah.

Out of pure boredom I began to rub myself between the legs. Wanting another opinion on the film I reached between Basil's legs to check on his reaction. I could tell that his interest was sagging. Sarah wanted to fidget at the movies too, and we all got into it. I unzipped Basil and went down to his lap to suck and lick his cock, and Sarah rubbed her tits on me (which is hard to do in movie seats) and put her fingers in my jeans. Trying to be discrete was pointless since everyone in the upper part of the theater was watching us.

Sarah and I switched seats so that she could suck Basil's cock, and then I started to lick her. Sex in theaters is pretty scroungey, unless you like old gum on your knees. But we did all bring each other off, and we did have a nice audience. At one point, one of the ushers started to come down towards us, but I guess he decided we were too good to break up, or too hard to approach. It's funny, but there's nothing like that extra zing you get from spontaneous sex in a public place. Try it!

**Swing Shift Recommends:** If you're interested in swinging resorts, plan a visit to Sunshine Park in May's Landing, New Jersey. It's about 20 minutes from Atlantic City. Sunshine Park, often called America's most well known nude resort, was founded by Isley Boone, the great nude promoter and father of modern nudism. Built in the 1930's along the Great Egg Harbor River, Boone intended it to be the first nude city. It was here that the first nudist magazine, *Sunshine and Health*, was created and published. Boone's battle with postal authorities over sending *Sunshine and Health* through the mail lasted nearly 20 years.

Sunshine Park is a total playground—volleyball, saunas, billiards, and lots of water sports. The crowd here is mixed. On a given weekend there may be as many as 300 people. Although it's hard to estimate, twenty percent, or more, are probably swingers. The park is geared for couples although singles are generally admitted. Clothing is always optional except on the 150 foot sun pier that overlooks the river and at the pool, where nudity is required. Alcohol is permitted on a bring-your-own basis.

It's easy to meet people and make possible connections for swinging at Sunshine Park because there are so many activities. Although sex is not generally practiced in the open, lounging around nude is a great way to case out the action for later. Privacy for sleeping, and "fun and games" can be found in the cabins.

Tenting space and trailer hook-ups are also available. Ground fees are $10 per day per couple. There is a restaurant located in the park. For further information, contact Sunshine Park, Somers Point Road, May's Landing, New Jersey 08330; area code 609-625-1357 or 625-2486.

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Our swinging couple interview of the month is with Bill and Grace, a couple who really know the swinging resort scene.

**AUDREY:** Which came first for you and Bill, swinging or nudity?

**GRACE:** Actually our nude experience came first. We live in the South where the climate is absolutely gorgeous twelve months a year. Both Bill and I are very athletic outdoor type people. Through the grapevine we heard about a nude resort. Bill always wanted to visit one but I held back, partly out of fear for my job. Since I'm not longer teaching, and Bill is self-employed, we decided to give it a try.

**BILL:** The first nude resort we visited was unlike anything we had expected even in our wildest fantasies. The people were very nice and did everything to make us feel at ease, but the average age was about 65. We heard about another nude resort closer to our home and we paid that one a visit.

**AUDREY:** Is that where you first encountered the swinging scene?

**GRACE:** Yes. And it was really overwhelming at first. Not everyone at nude resorts is a swinger so it takes a while to be approached. We had gone to this resort for a couple of months before we were confronted with the swinging there. There were always different card games going on in different people's homes as well.

**BILL:** I consider myself a pretty fair card player so when a guy I'd gotten friendly with came into the rec hall and asked if we wanted to come over to his place and play cards, we went. He gave us directions to his place and assured us that his wife would be there as a game was already in progress.

**GRACE:** Sure enough there was. Some people *were* playing cards, but everyone else was sucking and *(Continued on page 42)*

Swinging starts with a simple signal, like stroking your pussy in a room full of strangers.

*Audrey Andrews is a native New Yorker who was educated in special schools for performing children. She split for Hollywood when she was 19, worked as a script girl, a performer, and now communicates in the field of swinging and nudity, both in print and deed. Write Audrey c/o CHERI.*

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# PICK OF THE PERSONALS

PUCKAMIN, N.J.—Hi there! This month I thought I'd discuss some of the trials and tribulations of getting your mail order erotic goodies sent to you without everyone on your block knowing about it (unless, of course, you want to share them with friends!).

As long as society in general—and that includes the U.S. Postal Service—continues to treat sexual enjoyment as immoral and illegal, a lot of us have to be careful that our sexy mail doesn't get into the wrong hands.

This kind of social attitude makes it impossible to have any regulated standards by which to judge the quality of products. We're a long way from seeing little tags on dildoes marked with the Good Lovemaking seal of approval, but as I said last column, I'll try to sort out some of the worthwhile deals from those that are best forgotten.

Anyway, we've all heard of large-scale pornographers getting busted by the post office, but what about the individual consumer? What should we do to protect our privacy? First of all I suggest being discreet. Most people prefer to get their sex mail at oither places than their home for obvious reasons. Since pornography is still basically illegal, an anonymous mailing address helps the sender of the material from being harassed by the authorities.

Getting a post office box or a mail drop is a must. You can use the addres of a friend, but that's tricky if the mail reaches the wrong person—or the friend, for that matter —if they're too turned on, they might disappear with your order even before *you* get a chance to see it!

Anyway, I went to my local post office to get a P.O. Box so I could start getting my own groovy mail. That's when the problems began. There were no boxes available in the main office (maybe more people than I guessed are into this!) so I had to go to a sub-station to pick up an application. The very official looking form I had to fill out included lines to the effect that "thou shalt not use this box for anything for which the post office would frown upon."

But that was just the beginning. They also said I'd have to wait several days for my actual address to be verified (they require you to sign your home address) before I could be assigned my precious box. This wasn't exactly the anonymity I had in mind!

I told the postal clerk that I was a writer and wanted the box in my pen name for "business reasons" just to see how easy it would be to get mail sent to somebody under a false name. He got very upset and said that was impossible.

"What if," he said, "there was something suspicious going on and the inspector had to come in and check on it? He'd have to know who it was who had rented the box . . ."

That was enough for me.

This made me wonder just how private these boxes are. I asked my friend who works in a large post office whether packages or letters were tampered with. Everybody assumes that vacation post cards are looked over by mailmen (I don't know why, they're usually boring as hell!), but what about envelopes containing polaroids of sexy pen-pals and the like? Do they often "accidentally" come unglued?

According to him, the answer was no, unless a package or magazine says "adult material" on the wrapper in big letters, in which case it's a prime target for curious employees. Of course, this is only one person's opinion . . .

The other alternative is a mail drop, which is more common in large cities. They cost more than P.O. boxes—I know of a couple that charge $5.00 monthly compared to the post office which in my town charges $15.00 a year for a box large enough to hold several enticingly-full manila envelopes. The drops are easier to get and more private than going through the postal service. Usually you just go to their office to sign for a box under any name you desire. In most cases, though, you still have to fill out a government form, so somebody *does* have your address, but the mail drop service is responsible for any problems. All your special mail is sent to that address and you just pick it up or have it forwarded.

All this may seem like quite a bother. True, you can get a lot of the books, magaziones, and lingerie at an adult store, but to me, nothing compares with the thrill of getting a piece of personal mail, straight to you, that contains an addition to your collection.

If you prefer to imagine sexual escapades, like me, you have lots of material for fantasies when you use the mail. To me, mail order sex is a terrific way to express your sexual self "in the comfort and privacy of your own home" as the saying goes.

Once you get your mailing address straightened out, you should decide what it is you want to order. That can be harder than you might think if you have the sexual greedies as I do. It's always best to be specific. If you're ordering a product, say a book or dirty movie, you can just send in the catalogue number. If you're dealing with somebody who is sending you photos, you've got to let them know exactly what it is you're in the market for.

It's not fair to bother somebody if they make it clear in their ad that they aren't interested in the same things you are. It just wastes everybody's time, and money. Even if the ad arouses you beyond belief, if you write to an advertiser with something different in mind it won't add up to much. Better stick with mutual interests.

This isn't to say that variety is not the spice of life, for I'd be the last to argue with *that*! Just keep *(Continued on page 42)*

*This month sexy Renee delivers the ultimate how-to column: How to get a post office box and how to fill it with pulsating pussy, cummy undies, pubic parcels, and other goodies. Be sure to send Renee copies of ads you run in your local sexpaper. Write her c/o CHERI.*

"We're a long way from Good Lovemaking Seals of Approval on dildoes."

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

# I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 24)

be helpless. I don't like it.

I'm pretty sure he won't hurt me because the girl who arranged the contact has assured me he was safe. Then I hear him playing. Here I am, strung up and naked, and he's playing the goddamn piano. He plays well and feverishly. He seems to be trying to express his feelings via his music. Well, I came with an open mind but this man is almost impossible to read. I will just have to wait. He returns after a long time and unties my wrist.

Still blindfolded I am led to another room. We have hardly spoken. I feel myself being lifted and suddenly the floor is cold. Obviously, we're in some kind of bathroom. My hands are handcuffed to what seems to be a pole or perhaps a towel rack. I am still blindfolded. After a moment I feel something warm on my leg and I freak. I'm sure he's pissing on me and I realize I'm not ready for this. I guess I'm just not really submissive. But then I hear the humming and I feel the pulsing, it's probably a water pic . . . but he keeps changing the water from scalding hot to cold and he's aiming it at my pussy, but by squirming around I manage to avoid the intruding jet of water. But I can't escape the barrage of insults and threats that come with the water. He seems to be getting very excited by the sight of my squirming naked body. Then the water stops and there is silence. I am lifted and led into another room and laid on a bed.

He dries off my body with surprising tenderness. He finally orders me to speak. He tells me to beg for his cock. I improvise fast and tell him how much I want to service him and please him. He takes the scarf off and he is naked from the waist down. Dark stains are spreading on his shirt from sweat. He is breathing heavily and playing with himself. I think he wants to have me really suck him so I lean forward but he pushes me back on the bed. In the night stand he finds a dildo and tells me to masturbate with it for him. So I start to feel my breasts and pussy. I toss my head and moan a bit, but I am careful not to overdo it. Then he has me fuck myself with the dildo. I look up and he's still masturbating. I wonder what time it is. He pushes the dildo away and moves to enter me but the moment his cock touches me he comes on my leg. For a moment I think he's going to hit me he seems so upset, but the angry look passes and suddenly he looks very sad. He helps me off the bed and very quietly asks me if I'm hurt. I tell him I'm fine and he thanks me. After an embarrassing moment, he gets my clothes and leaves me to dress in private. I look at the clock. I've been there almost two hours and I ask if I may call. As I leave, he asks me to come again. I murmur the appropriate answer and leave.

[***]

Now I'm ringing my "Daddy's" doorbell. My "Daddy" lives in Chelsea in a modest building. I hope he answers quickly because I will be mortified if anyone else sees me. I'm wearing my neighbor's daughter's jumper dress, knee socks, flat shoes and my dark hair has pink ribbons in it. I am wearing white cotton panties that come up to my waist and a child's undershirt. I have a lunchbox and some books from "school." In my pocket is a "report card" that I've typed with a note from "my teacher" explaining how naughty I've been.

"Daddy" answers the door. He's casually dressed and grins at me as I saunter in the room. His apartment is cluttered but homey and I like him at once. He is chubby and balding with a twinkle in his eye. I have not come to be pleasant I go to the couch and sit down. He doesn't seem startled by my easy entrance, but, of course, he always plays the same game, so he must naturally assume that my friend has told me exactly what to do. "Young lady, don't put your feet on the furniture." I take them off the table and stick my tongue out at him. He puts on a stern face and tells me not to talk back. I get up and look for the kitchen. "Daddy, did Mom leave any cookies for me?" We argue about cookies spoiling my dinner and when I insist that I want some cookies he slaps me and sends me to my room. Thankfully he points the way so I slink off in the right direction. As I go I let the report card "accidentally" fall out of my pocket on to the floor and go and throw myself on the bed.

After a few minutes Daddy comes in wearing a very displeased look on his face. "Jeannie, just how do you explain this?" He is holding up the report card, obviously displeased with my "grades." I protest that the teacher just doesn't like me but he will not listen. I start to get whiney and he finally grabs me and puts me over his knee. Up comes my dress and he pauses before taking down my panties as if savoring the moment. Then he inches them down. Then he begins to spank me. The first new blows sting and stun. Although I'd been thoroughly prepared for an "old-fashioned spanking", I'd never actually experienced one, even as a child. But a role is a role, so I kick my feet in the air and promise I'll be a good girl if only Daddy will stop. He does, then takes to caressing and fondling my buttocks. God they must be red by now! And the sight of them must please Daddy greatly—I can feel his cock thickening as I lay stretched across his lap, enduring the endless caressing and fondling of my ass.

He lets me arise and I tearfully pull my panties up. I am rubbing my bottom and complaining that he has hit me too hard. He sends me to the kitchen "to help Mommy and do the dishes for her." The stack of dishes is considerable and I attack my task unenthusiastically. At the bottom of the pile, I notice some cheap jelly glasses, so I drop one on the floor. The crash mobilizes my master and he bounds into the kitchen, thundering, "How many times have I told you to be careful!"

I am ordered to sweep up the scattered pieces and I bend over grotesquely, making sure that he has a good glimpse of my panties as I do my work.

What next? "It is time for your bath," he announces. My *bath*? He marches me into the bathroom, carefully runs the water, and just as carefully tests its temperature. Then he sits on the john and watches me take a bath. All the while, he asks me questions about school and we have a cozy "father-and-daughter" chat. Afterwards, he produces a long nightie for me and dries me off with a towel. I don the nightie and he tucks me into bed, kissing me on the forehead and bidding me a tender goodnight. He turns off the light and leaves.

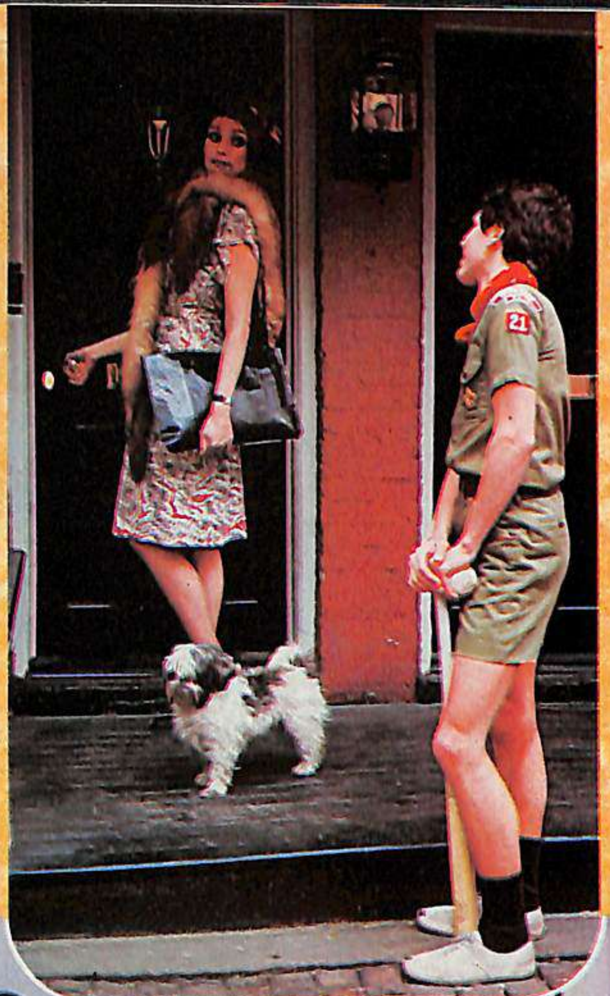
I am left to my own devices. What do I do now? Is this the end of the scenario? I recall my own childhood. Alone at night and restless. I call out to him: "I want a glass of water." He comes to the door and tells me to go to sleep. I lie there for a moment, waiting, anticipating. He remains outside the door, just watching. What am I supposed to do? I casually roll over and let my nightie slip up my ass so it's fully exposed. I can see him star-

(Continued on page 42)

# THE END OF BOYHOOD

PHOTOS BY ROBIN SCHWARTZ

Her name was Mrs. Jensen. Zoe Jensen. She lived up the



"I've been so lonely since Henry died in the War," she cooed, moving towards me.

street with her son, Jimmy, who was, like me, a scout. Jimmy's dad, Sgt. Henry L. Jensen, had been killed in Korea the year before and you didn't get to see much of his mom after that. Me, I'd always thought of Mrs. Jensen as some fabulous goddess, at least as beautiful as my movie favorites, Debra Paget and Lori Nelson. I also sensed there was something strange about her, something that didn't quite fit her dignified exterior. I found out all about that hidden world during the summer of my fourteenth year. Oh, I'm sure you've heard this story before. But it's special to me. It was **my** magic time.

I'd stopped by the Jensen house to see Jimmy. He wasn't there. "Won't you come in, Daniel," said Mrs. Jensen, "and have some milk and cookies till James gets back."

"Great!" I said, always on the prowl for a snack.

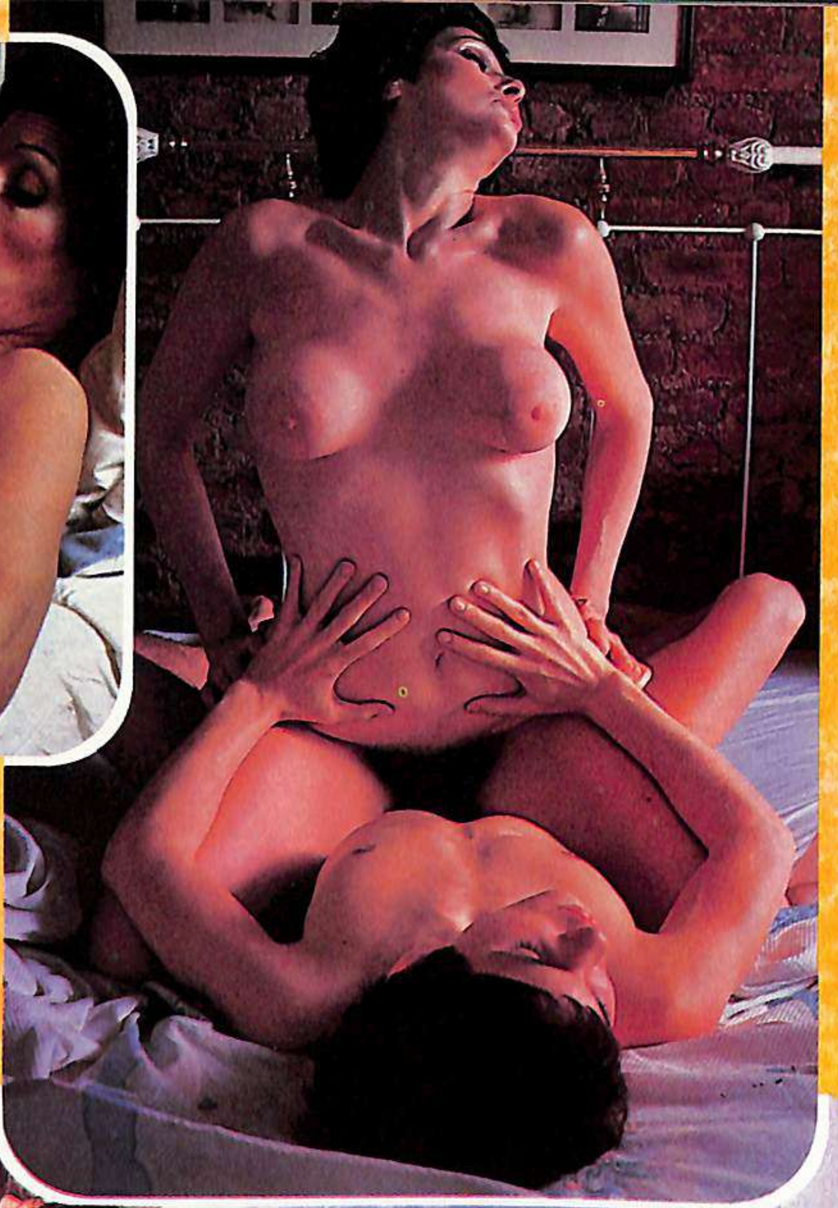
"It's been very lonely here since Hank died, Daniel," she said, with a wild, yet peaceful, smile. "It's nice to have somebody besides Jim to take care of. Somebody new and pretty."

"Daniel. . . ," she sputtered, smooth-

She made it so easy for me, though. Kissed me so softly, cradling my bursting head in her huge bosom, soothing me hotly with her words.

"You're so pretty, Danny. So fresh. So alive. OhgodhowI**need**! OhgodhowI**want**! I'm burning for you, Danny, burning for you. . . ." Murmuring over and over of a love so feverish that it boiled at her brow.

I lurched into her body like a blind calf to an udder and she swathed me in her



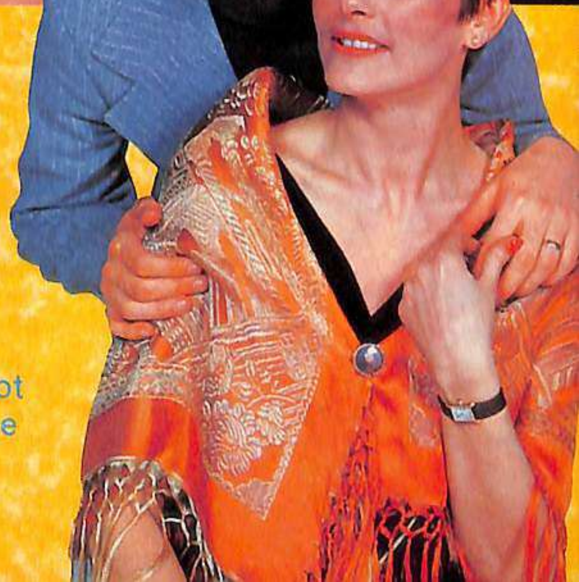
"SHE BLANKETED MY GREEN AND GROWING COCK IN HER LOVE-STARVED LIPS..."

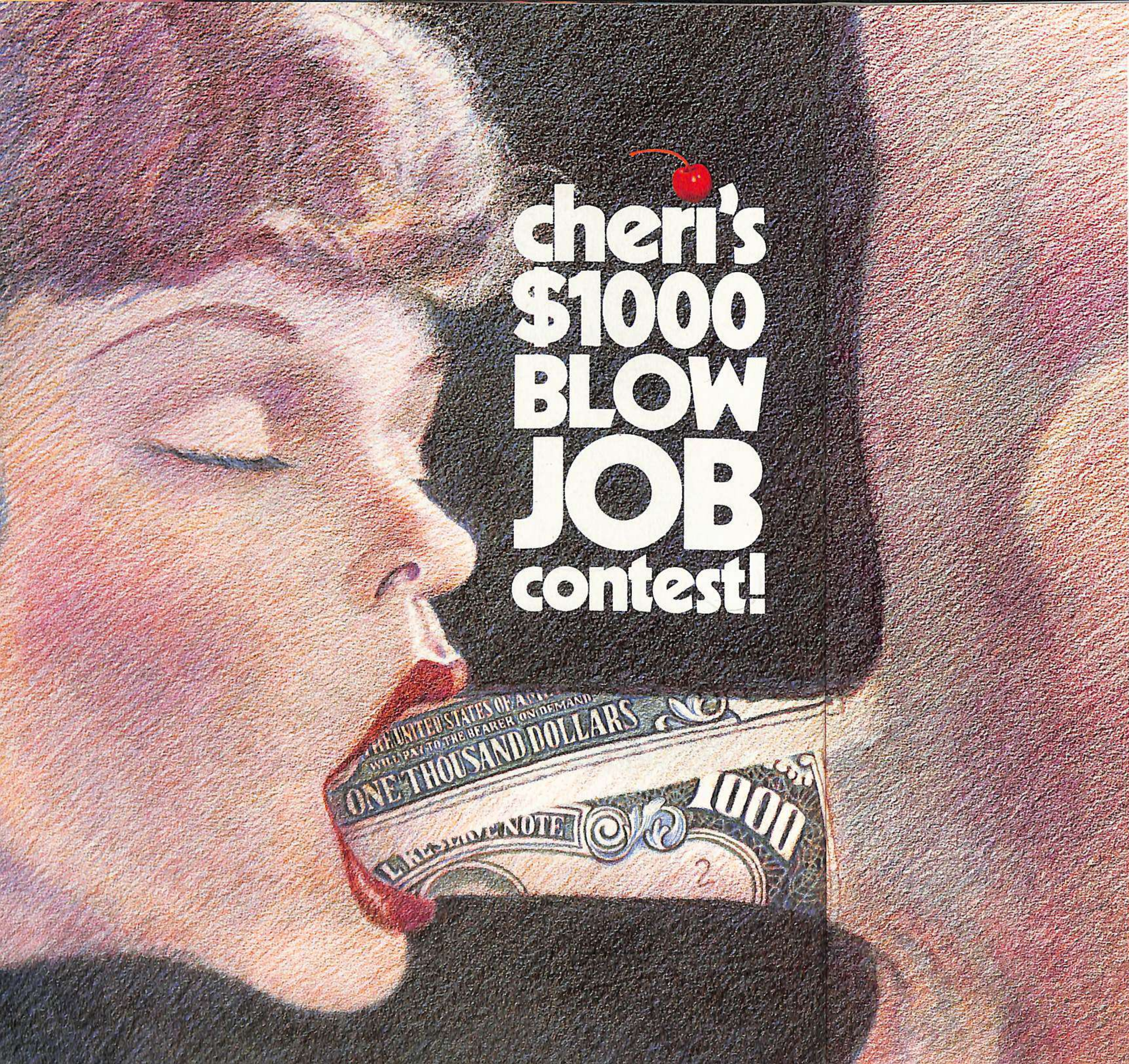
need, blanketed my green and growing cock in her wombred lips, wrapped my unscarred skin in the shelter of her palms.

We fucked that afternoon away, while from some distant bough the innocent, ignorant Jimmy swung the day away, roughhousing in the vast sunshine while I danced with mad passion in the dark of his mother's bedroom.

It was a summer that turned into a year and then to a decade. Later, rebuffed by friends and family, we would flee the old neighborhood—and get married!

We've been wed ten years now—and the passions we found on that hot summer's day have yet to show signs of decline!




THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
WILL PAY TO THE BEARER ON DEMAND
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE
1000
2

# cheri's $1000 BLOW JOB contest!

You've dreamt about meeting the world's best cocksucker?
Well, here's your big chance, bro!
CHERI is bound and determined to find her.
And you're going to help us!

Somewhere out there is a chick whose abilities as a cocksucker have made her a legend in her own time.
She is a master craftswoman. Born to give head, she has practiced and perfected her technique.
She is an artist, a saint, a superwoman.
And we *must* have her!
Somebody out there knows her.
Well, man, don't keep her to yourself. Let us *in* on it!

If you know the *real* throat expert of all time—and if she isn't ashamed to publicize her talent—just sit down and write a 150-word description of her technique. Include, if you want, a picture. Include also a note, signed by the chick in question, indicating she knows you are entering her name in our contest.

A panel of experts will judge your letters. They include CHERI editor Peter Wolff, Rogue magazine editor Katherine Stern, and movie stars Gloria Leonard and Kim Pope.

The writers of the five best letters will receive $100. And the girl whom we decide is America's premiere licker of dick will receive not only an all-expense paid trip to New York but a check for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in recognition of her skills.

AND THAT'S ONLY THE HALF OF IT!

We are also holding, concurrent with this contest, a national "DREAMSUCK" letter contest.

*Any* reader can write us a letter of 150 words or less describing the "ultimate blow job".

Our judges will also read these letters and choose the five best. All five will receive checks for $100.

And the writer of the best of these "DREAMSUCK" missives will receive not only a trip to New York but a dinner-date with the winner of our other contest!
It's the dream of a lifetime.
And it can be *yours*.
Enter today. Fill out the accompanying coupon.

**Rules:**

**1) Contest ends July 30, 1976. Decision of the judgs is final.**
**2) All letters and photographs become the property of CHERI Communications, Inc. and may be reprinted in part or in whole, subject to verification. Model releases will be sent prior to publication to any persons whose pictures are under consideration to appear in the magazine.**
**3) You do have to buy the magazine to enter.**

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART I

I am enclosing herewith a 150-word essay on the superlative cocksucking abilities of my ____________ (wife, girlfriend, secretary, friend, sister, roommate, etc.), ____________ (name). She has enclosed a letter that says she will be willing, should she win the contest, to come to New York and claim her prize—$1000!

**My name** ____________
**My address** ____________
**City** ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
**My age** ____________
**My phone number** ____________
**Her name** ____________
**Her address** ____________
**City** ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
**Her age** ____________

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART II

Please include my name in your First Annual Dreamsuck Essay Contest Sweepstakes. I understand that if I win this sweepstakes, I will get a free trip to New York and a dinner date with the winner of your $1000 Blowjob Contest.

**Name** ____________
**Address** ____________
**City** ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
**Telephone: Area Code** ____________

## I, KIM POPE

*(Continued from page 30)*

ing, but still he neither moves nor speaks. I wait a few more moments, breathless with waiting. Slowly, I begin to fondle myself. In the stark silence, I can hear him breathing heavily. My self-abuse continues for what I imagine is a century. Then, suddenly, he bursts into the room and begins chastising me for touching myself in "that naughty way." Once again, he pulls me over his lap and pulls my nightie up. This time, there is no hesitation–he begins his spanking at once, first with his hand, then with a paddle he extracts from his belt.

At the first blow from the small leather paddle, I let out a yelp for real and he is persuaded to abandon it and return to using just his hand. I cry and beg. He scolds and slaps. I am beginning to fear his enthusiasm and the bruises he will leave on my movie star butt.

And then, fruition. I can feel his cock swell and throb. I can feel his body tremble and quake. And he comes, suddenly ceasing his hitting and holding me very tight.

He gets up without a word and retires to the living room. It is over. I dress in the darkness. When I emerge, he has once again regained his cheery composure. We chat awhile about the girl who brought us together. He tells me I am good at playing games and says, rather sadly, that many girls he's seen are not. We share a feelingful goodbye.

In the past few days, safely harbored in my own home, I have had many new feelings and thoughts about my experiences as a slave.

One of my masters had threatened very violent punishments and tortures. He had seemed to be in control of the game, yet at times he had called me "Edith," his wife's name, and I feared he was not so much in control as I wished he was. Yet it was "Daddy", the one who seemed so normal and funloving, who had gotten carried away and left my buns bruised and sore. I feel they were both capable of runaway violent reactions if the wrong button was pressed at the wrong moment. This game has enormous potential for losing its gamelike qualities.

Still, the professional prostitute who sent me to them, says she has been seeing both for over a year and they have never harmed her. She chose them for me because they were predictable and imaginative. She was right this time. I think the S/M medium serves to structure the fantasies around general themes—but the actual game remains individual and real. And, as long as it all doesn't get out of hand, I think it's a healthy way of blowing a charge.

I'd be really interested in hearing from readers about similar games they have played.

## SWING SHIFT

*(Continued from page 28)*

fucking around them! I was in a state of shock.

**AUDREY:** That's really exciting. What hapened then?

**BILL:** We just sat on the couch and watched. I'd never seen anything like that before in my life. It was my wildest fantasy come true. Grace couldn't take her eyes off the couple next door and the hostess. The two women were really having a go at each other. I reached between Grace's legs. She was already wet. Now, I never put my hand on Grace's pussy in a room full of people before. Maybe under the table at a restaurant, but not in a party situation. That did it for us. I guess that's the exact point of our coming out into swinging. I touched Grace's puss and she touched my cock in a room full of people, and she slid down in front of me and started to unzip me. That was how Grace told me she was ready for the thing we're into now. We had a private moment. I mean, we initiated ourselves—no one moved on us first. We did it ourselves in front of others. It only took a second for a woman to approach us and put her tit in my mouth, but we shared our first moment together.

**AUDREY:** What was your initial reaction the first time you watched another man fuck your wife?

**BILL:** If I had found Grace fucking some guy when I came home from work, let me just say my reaction would be murder. This may sound strange, considering where we are now, but I don't want to get into the whole argument over double-standard crap. I really enjoy watching my wife fucking other men, and other women—period. The first time it knocked me out.

**AUDREY:** How do you meet other swingers?

**BILL:** A lot of our initial contacts were made at nude resorts. We've also placed ads in several swinging publications, but they didn't help much.

**AUDREY:** Would you ever go back to a straight sex life?

**GRACE:** No, I don't think there's really ever any going back.

***

In the months to come, look forward to all the latest information on the swinging scene including such special attractions as "Personal Swinging Ad's Made Public" and "The Golden Shower Swing Club" plus an all-girl week-long group grope party.

## PICK OF THE PERSONALS

*(Continued from page 29)*

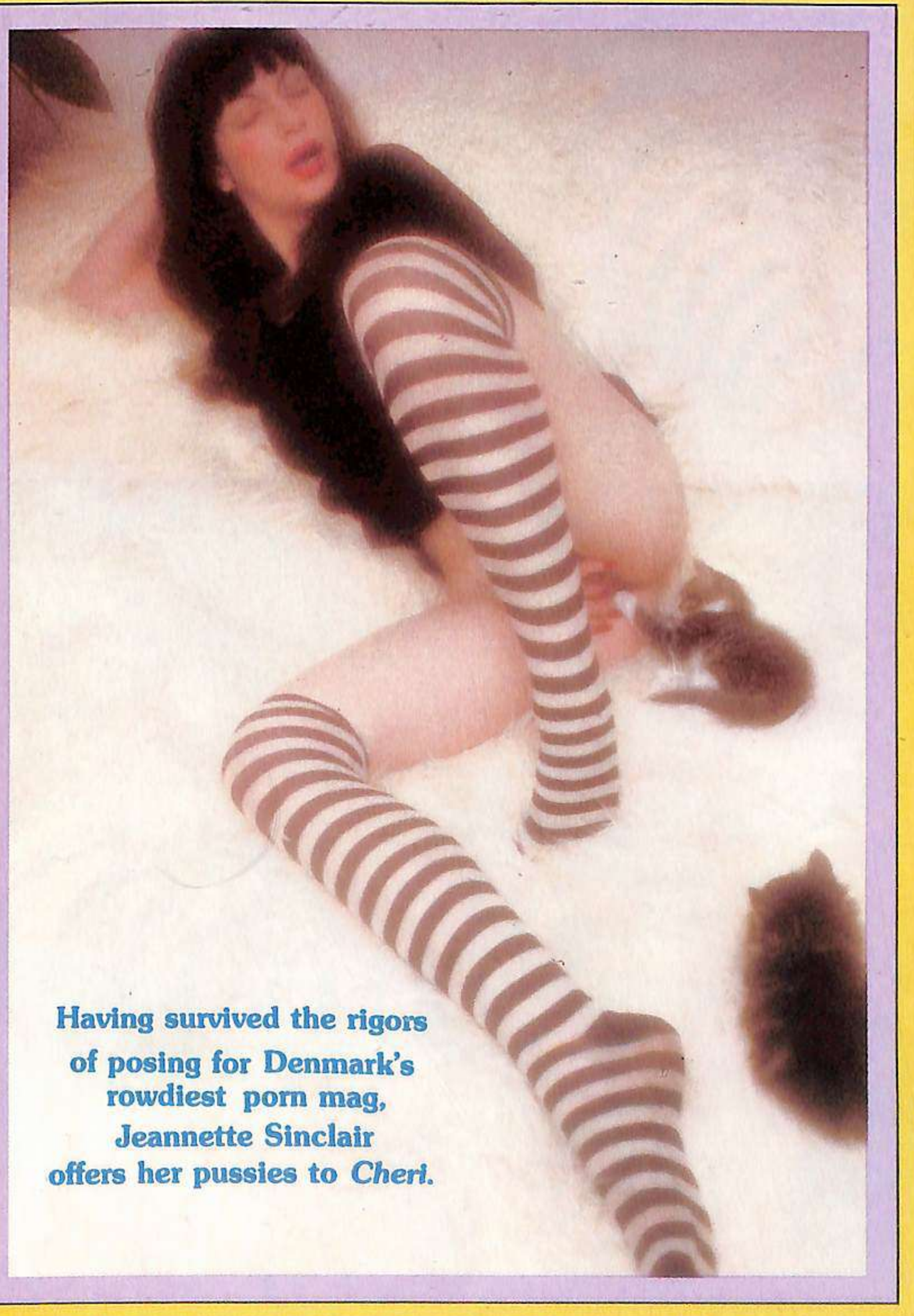
yourself in tow and remember that you'll probably have a better time if you stay with a couple of choices at a time.

And, as for how I judge the items in Pick of the Personals, since I love sex, I hope to give fair shakes to all. As long, that is, as they conform to Renee's Rules: first, COST, Is it reasonable for what is provided?; then, USEFULNESS, Does it "deliver" what it promises?; and finally, MILEAGE, Will it physically last, in the case of equipment, or will it continue to turn you on if it's a service? Incidentally, Cost, Usefulness, and Mileage, spells C-U-M!

See you next month with lots of juicy surprises.

**Emily, what's come over you?**

# THE PUSSY FROM PRIVATE



**Having survived the rigors of posing for Denmark's rowdiest porn mag, Jeannette Sinclair offers her pussies to *Cheri*.**

Photographs by CARL KRAVATZ

Interview by Peter Wolff and Diana Clapton

## "It often sickens me that I have to pretend to be a whore."

*Private* is class smut, the glossiest and grossest of European porn, handsomely mounted on pages of wet-strength stock. Like Bounty towels, these leaves are designed to be manipulated to the personal needs of the purchaser. Unlike Bounty towels, they are ablaze with the type of raunch that that translates easily into any native tongue, and so the magazine is shipped out of Denmark into the subterranean secret life of the rest of the world with a hearty

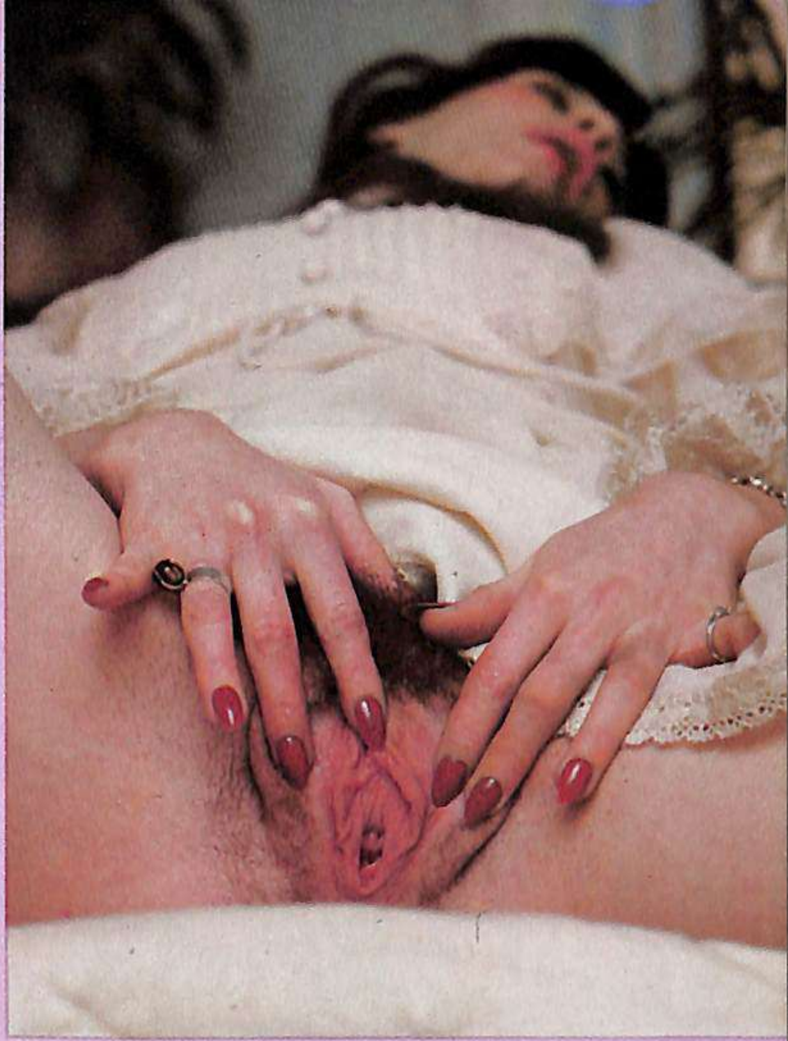
**"When I posed for Private, my partner could come five times a day . . . and a couple of more times a night."**

regularity. Without harrassment from the fuzz the process has tumesced into a growth industry which, like any other, must constantly be fed raw material to survive.

"First off let me say, I was skint, bloody broke, when they came after me," explains Jeannette Sinclair in her adorable English accent, throwing her equally adorable legs across the office sofa. Jeannette has the sultry swagger that accompanies her position as the current pop tart in Big Apple blue films. She has merchandised her flagrant femininity and stunning availability into a highly personal growth industry, too, and one in which it is easy as hell to invest. Her best advertisement for herself is a full issue of *Private*, in which she is shown writhing rapturously under, over, alongside and kneeling before a humpy young stud named Rob.

"Of course I'd *never* done hard-core before. I had to work hard even to persuade my modeling agency to handle *nudes*!" she remembers crisply. "At any rate, the famous Milton—the photographer for *Private*—caught a glimpse of me, came over to London for an introduction and said, could I come up to Sweden straightaway?"

Breathes there a chick who wouldn't be thrilled at the prospect of working with one of the world's best photographers for a vatful of bread, in glamorous and exciting Stockholm? "But I did have trepidations," she would have us know. "I'm a serious ac-



"I'm a serious actress, a drama school graduate, and a straight Jewish girl, actually. . . ."

tress, a dramatic school graduate, a straight Jewish girl, actually. Then they showed me a photo of the gorgeous man I'd be working with, so I said, sure, I'll give it a whirl . . . why not?"

The raunchy realities were . . . educational. "Oh that Milton—what a con merchant! What a shitload of crotchaches!" Her command of the idiom is matched only by the intensity of the humiliation. "The instant I arrived in Stockholm he had me running through the streets in a G-string. From nine in the morning until after six at night. It's very loose there, you can fuck in the streets—but the thing is, everyone watches. We gathered huge crowds as I portrayed a brazen hooker, and Rob a shy lad that I teach the ropes. Then up in the apartment, fucking for hours, until Milton got all the come shots he wanted. His girlfriend stood by the whole time, watching. Oh, he was in-

"Oh that Milton! What a shitload of crotch-aches!"

sufferable. And, do you know, he only paid me half of what he promised?"

Fortunately by this time she and Rob had fallen hopelessly in love. A New York animal bumming around Europe, Rob found it no problem to produce five genuine comes per day, an endearing quality anywhere. They moved in together. "Each night we swore we wouldn't spend ourselves—we'd save it for the camera—but who could resist? And anyway, it's impossible to come when they work you like that."

Sorer, wiser, somewhat richer, she flew back to London

*(Continued on page 77)*

# THE THIGHS OF TEXAS ARE UPON US

*(Continued from page 21)*

populous area of this extremely conservative state. Adult book stores, leather and rubber goods specialists, dirty movie theaters, gay bath houses and even wide open pussy palaces (veiled by the thin euphemisms "model studios" or "massage parlors") have spread over such burgeoning metropolitan areas as Houston and Dallas like an outbreak of herpes genitalis. Sex, in all its myriad manifestations, is now openly for sale in the state where Davy Crockett ate his first (and last) bean burrito.

One of the more bizarre of these manifestations is Houston based Fried Egg Productions, pornographers extraordinaire, producers of the *Texas Ball*, a *Screw* look-alike and the largest of the state's half dozen sex tabloids. Fried Egg occupies a suite of offices in one of those put-it-up-in-three-months high rise office complexes that dot Southwest Houston like so many mushrooms after a good rain. Besides the *Texas Ball*, they put out several smaller tabloids, including a swinger's paper and a fag rag, plus they are heavily into the sex merchandising field. Needless to say, Fried Egg Productions is the state's largest smut factory.

The first issue of the *Texas Ball*, in January of this year, caught the Texas publishing industry with its pants down. No one had been successful before in establishing a regularly-published sex paper in the state. Too many problems with the Nixon-inspired "community standards" nonsense. Too great a risk of an expensive and potentially dangerous (if you call a trip to the state pen in Huntsville, Tex., dangerous) obscenity bust. Even finding a printer and distributor were major obstacles. The *Texas Ball*, then, was a breakthrough effort on several counts. Just its existence was considered a triumph. When the five thousand copies of the first issue sold out in less than two weeks. Fried Egg knew they had a winner. By the fifth issue, the print run was four times that high.

By a clever combination of erotic visuals, no-holes-barred writing and the state's first real guide to native sex, the *Texas Ball* was able to immediately grab the Texas public by the crotch. Six months have passed and the grip remains firm.

Did I say before that Fried Egg Productions was bizarre? Is a fur-color fried egg swimming in chiffon bizarre? That was one of the saner images that greeted my arrival at their august offices. From there on things rapidly slid into just plain weird.

Take little Elsie Friedman, the cute young receptionist who charms all visitors to Fried Egg with her warm Texas drawl, cowboy hat and low cut cowgirl blouse. Young? She looks all of thirteen years old, a small detail that had me sweating as I introduced myself. You're in Texas, boy, and they don't like strangers fooling around with their girl children. I almost expected the Texas Rangers to burst in and haul my perverted ass off to the pokey. Do not pass go. Do not collect nookie. It was explained to me later that Elsie had her growth stunted as a kid by some disease I could never pronounce. As a result, though she was all of twenty-three, she had the body of a pubescent. The best of both worlds, if little girls are what gets you hard.

She directed me down a long hallway, complete with lush carpeting and muzak, to the office of *Texas Ball*'s managing editor and Fried Egg's head honcho, John "Zoot" Connors. But before I could make it through his door, I was intercepted by his secretary Linda Powers, a six foot amazon with a face like twenty mule team borax. Known for obvious reasons as Bull Linda around Fried Egg, I wasn't going to challenge her command to wait for Connors to get off the phone before going in. While I've been known to feel able to take on the whole world, Bull Linda is big enough to take on the whole world twice. A genuine Texas woman.

Twenty minutes later I got in to see Connors. No slouch physically, his six-foot plus frame and black, curly hair seemed incongruous with the sleazy image of a smut publisher. To look at him you'd never suspect he was a native Texan, if you could forget the cowboy hat. And purple, rhinestone studded cowboy shirt. And mud caked cowboy boots. Not coincidentally, everyone who works for Fried Egg dresses in a like manner. The company even keeps an open account for its employees at Stelzig's, Houston's most prestigious (and expensive) western wear shop. Is the cowboy motif a come on?

"Sure," Connors told me, lighting up a foot long Royal Jamaican Churchill cigar, "It's a come-on. We'll admit it to you. We'd even admit it to our readers, but they wouldn't care. It's the kind of thing you have to do if you want to make money in Texas. See, Texas is a strange state. Two kinds of people, really. Those that follow the good old boy tack. You know the kind. The shitkickers. They expect you to look and sound like Roy Acuff. Then there's the metro crowd. A lot of them from the Educated East . They don't move all the way to Texas to see some guy who looks like he just stepped off Fifth Avenue. Whether they admit it or not, they want to see cowboys. They want cowboys, we give them cowboys. The best way we've found to package sex in Texas is inside a Stetson."

I wondered how rough it was being the first large circulation sex tabloid in a state where necks sport a definite red hue.

"It was hairy at the start. We didn't know if we'd even be able to get the damn thing

*(Continued on page 71 )*

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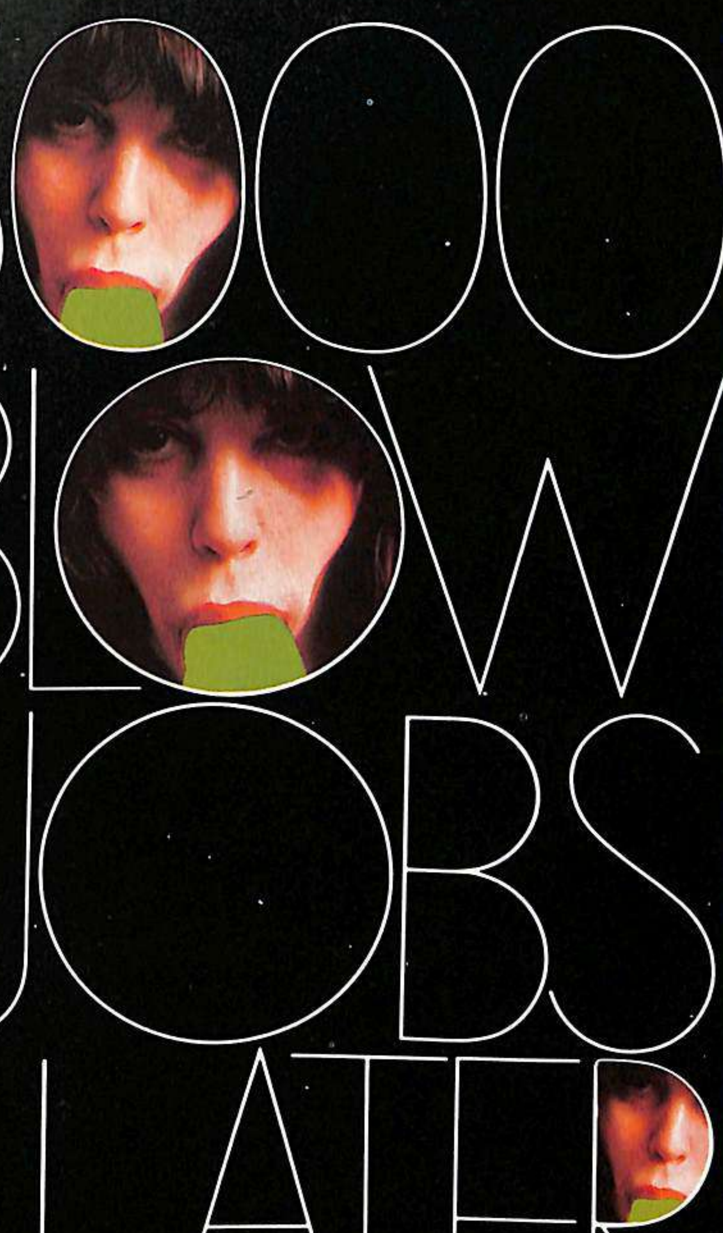
# 5000 BLOW JOBS LATER



### By BERNIE SHAW

***Marcie Lynn Sulsinger is Queen of the Zipless Suck, a fellatio freak who's made a lifestyle out of Lovelacing.***

Okay, so maybe she isn't Raquel Welch. So maybe her face will never launch a thousand ships or her body stop traffic on the Via Appia.

But Marcie Lynn Sulsinger is willing.

And able.

And even eager.

More than Raquel or Marilyn or Margaux or any of the raving beauties in our national pantheon of passion princesses, Marcie Lynn Sulsinger is the American Dream Girl.

Why?

Because she *loves* to suck cock.

And we are a nation of cocksuckees.

One of the glories of getting blown is that you don't have to look your partner in the face.

Not that Marcie is a Betty Friedan in the face department. She's cute, perky, and . . . plain.

Yet, like the trooper she is, she never let physical limitations deter her drive to dine on dork.

Today, at 25, some 5000 blow-jobs later, she is neither suffering from chronic mouth fatigue nor bored with the often one-sided gratifications of giving head.

She wants more.

And more and more.

She herself makes no great presumptions about physical beauty. Or time or place. She is *always* available.

"If a guy is white, black, brown, yellow, or red—what's the difference?" she asks, rhetorically. "I never made it with an Eskimo—but I'm interested. But it seems like I've made it with everyone else."

By *making it*, Marcie is referring to *sucking* as opposed to *fucking*. She has employed her oral sex repertoire 95% of the times she has indulged with a man. "This is how I get off," she frankly admits. "And I'll bet you that I get as much

Earlier this year, Marcie made her professional debut in the X-rated, Patty.

*Friends figure she has 20,000 blowjobs left in her before her mouth gets battle fatigue. One of them could be you.*

pleasure sucking a man off as he gets coming in my mouth. In fact," she smiles, "I'll bet that in most cases, *I* even enjoy it more."

The well-spoken, Bronx-toned street urchin contends that *any* man has a chance of making it with her: "He really doesn't have to look like a Rock Hudson, who I really wouldn't want anyway. He's too pretty. But fat men, short men . . . even bald-headed men appeal to me. What's *most* important is: Are they sincere? If they don't try and pull a number on me, if they come right out in the open and say they would like to go to bed with me, then I'll make it with them. Really, it's that simple."

Marcie will tell you she's not into lesbianism, but happily extends her tolerance to all libidinous practices: "I prefer men. I can have an orgasm the moment a man puts his hands on me. That's how quickly I turn on. But my best climax is when I have a penis in my mouth . . . and it's even greater when the man is coming in my mouth."

Anal activities are out. "I'm not into ass fucking," she points out. "It's too painful. Just sucking. I very seldom fuck, just here and there."

"To begin with," she continues, "I don't take the pill, and I won't use the coil, foam or any other contraceptive. They're all too dangerous. Also, I'm really too tight and when a man's even average size, I tend to hemorrhage. So, I've taught myself to get off sucking."

Marcie claims to experience multiple orgasms. "Sometimes I've come eight or nine times with one guy during a session."

And during each erotic episode, Marcie swallows *all* the come—to the very last drop. "A guy's come is only 75 calories," Marcie boasts. "And it's *all* protein. This is one way I keep so slim and trim," she laughs.

Marcie, when asked for her secret sucking technique, disappointingly explains: "You can't teach someone how to suck. It must come from the soul. And, if more girls put their soul into sucking, they'd keep their guys for sure!"

But when and how did Marcie's oral fixation develop into an uncontrollable drive for an inexhaustible supply of dongs?

"I was sixteen and observed I had an unusual fetish for eating carrots—first around the edges, and then the middle part. Psychologically, I realized it was a man's cock I was eating. Doing it would make me climax. I also get turned on when I see Bugs Bunny," she went on. "He reminds me of carrots . . . and cocks!"

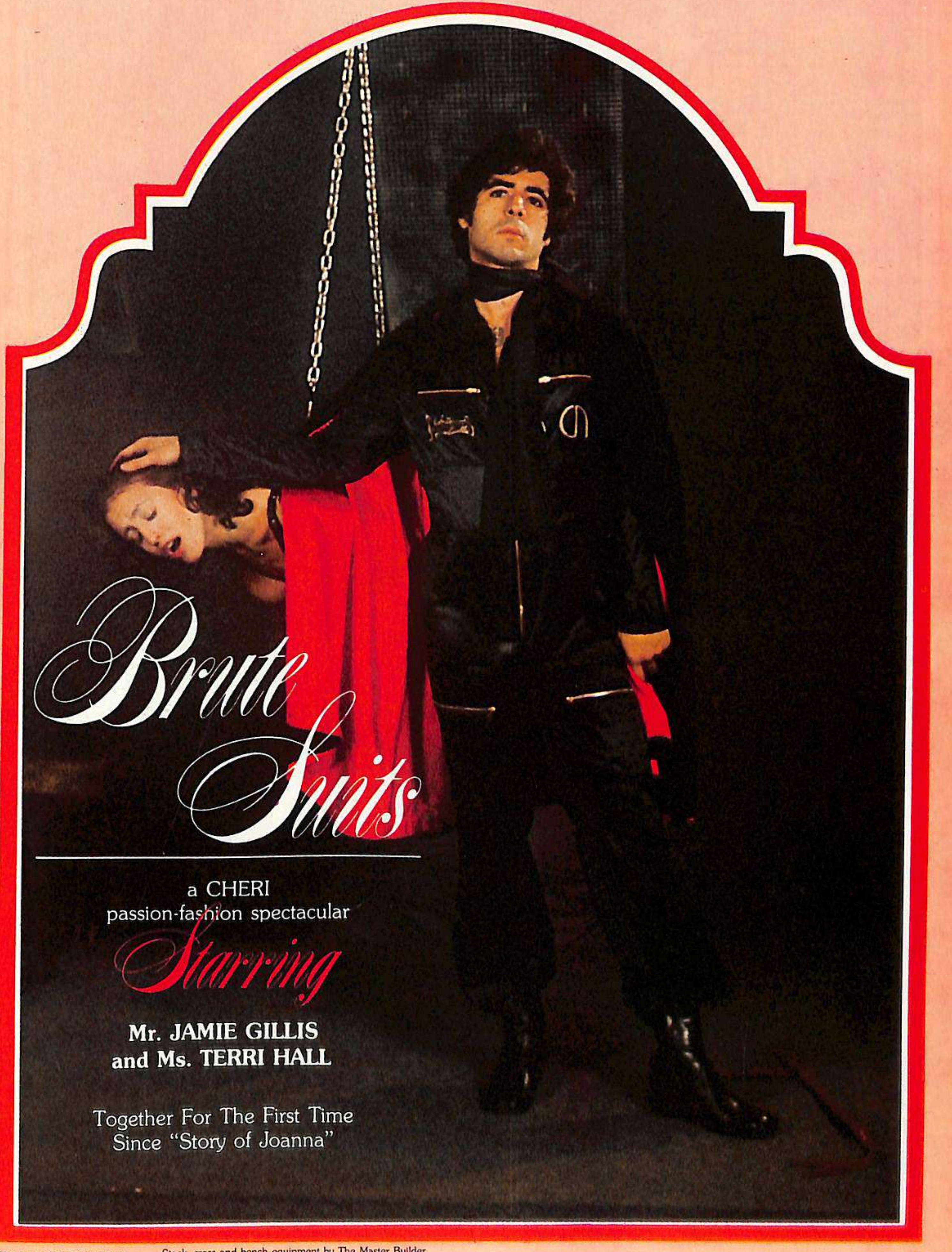
If carrots coax climax, one single Three Musketeers candy bar practically rivals "the real thing." As Marcie tells it: "The bar itself is the man's shaft of the penis and the goo in the center is his come. And by the time I reach the first oozing of the goo, I'm already coming—fast and furiously. Still, there's no substitute for a throbbing cock in your mouth. It's a . . . warm . . . feeling I simply *must* have."

Living the life of a town punch in New York City creates an often perilous environment for Marcie which she is forced to confront, day in and day out.

"Four years ago, a big guy, oh, about 23, cornered me in an old tenement. I naively thought it was *his* apartment house. Sensing he might have trouble getting what his cock obviously wanted, he whacked me across the head several times, each time putting more power into his punches. Pretty soon I was tasting blood, my own, dripping into my mouth from a huge gash under my eye. I was actually afraid to faint, thinking I'd never wake up again, but I did manage to reason with the man. 'That's not necessary,' I said to him. 'I'll make love to you.' Now he felt he wouldn't be rejected. So when I told the man I wanted to go to the corner and get some napkins to wipe the blood off . . . and get a Coke, he let me go. Well, I must tell you, I first started walking, then began to run as fast as my legs would carry me. Luckily, I found a cab and took it all the way from one of Manhattan's worst sections to my comfortable crummy apartment in the Bronx which seemed like Utopia to me.

"A man has no need whatsoever to try and rape me. If he wants it that badly, nine out of ten times I'll willingly oblige. Again, all I ask is that he be a gentleman. Remember, cocks do not have personalities and so I do not judge them like in a con-

*(Continued on page 94)*



# Brute Suits

a CHERI
passion-fashion spectacular

Starring

**Mr. JAMIE GILLIS**
**and Ms. TERRI HALL**

Together For The First Time
Since "Story of Joanna"

Photographs by Peter Hurd

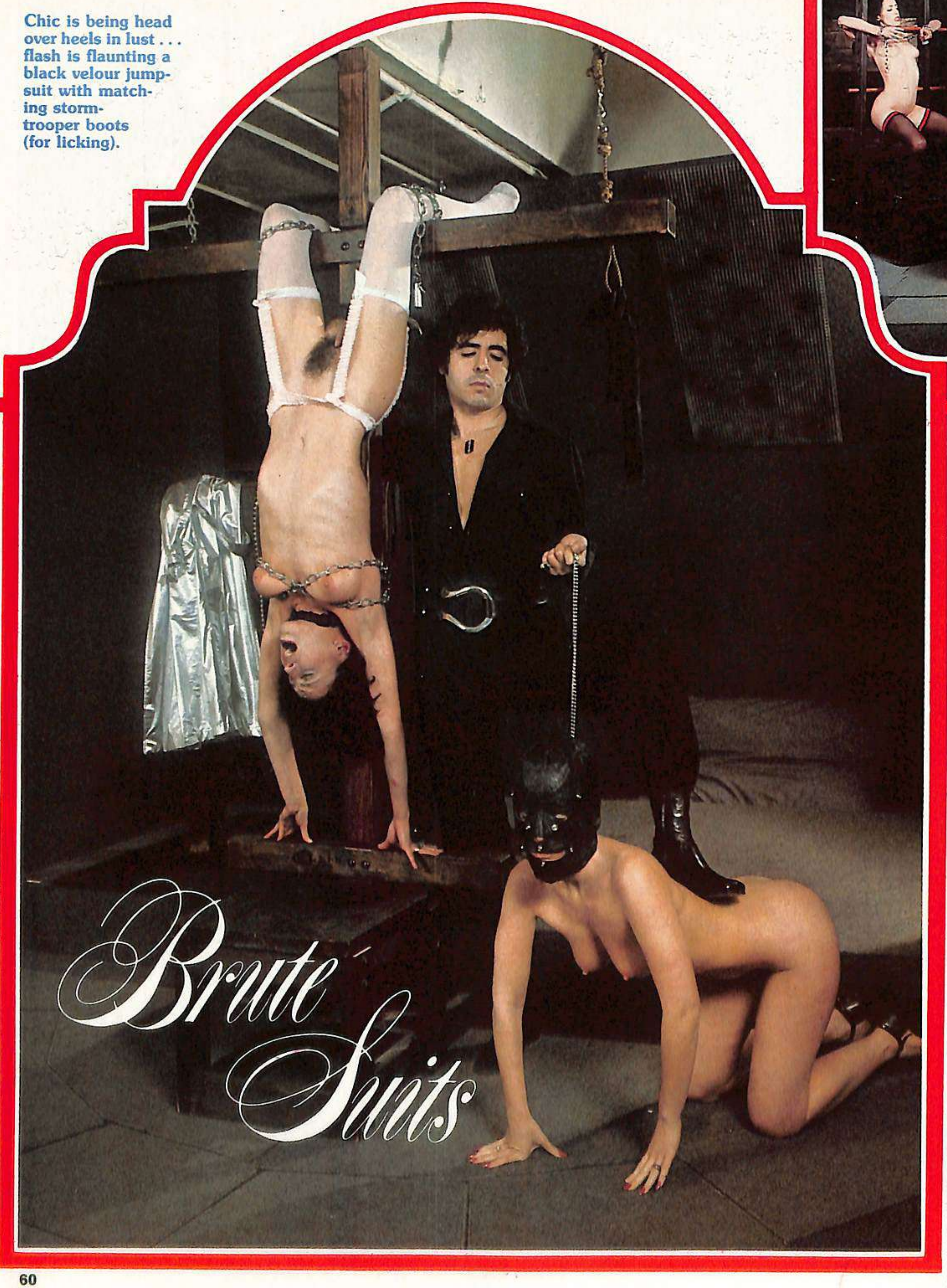
Stock, cross and bench equipment by The Master Builder, 325 West 37th St., New York City, New York.

Stylish sadist in masterful tux and gold lame vest, swooning submissive in flimsy chemise and designer chrome chains.

# Brute Suits

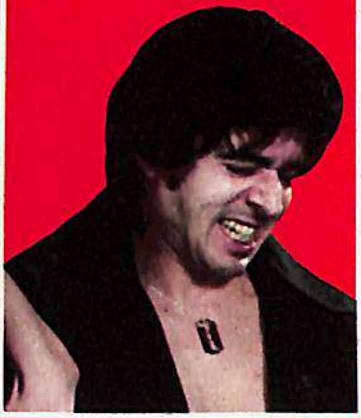
MAN AS CHESTERFIELD. WOMAN AS ASHTRAY. A PAINFUL PASSION PLAY.

**Chic is being head over heels in lust . . . flash is flaunting a black velour jumpsuit with matching storm-trooper boots (for licking).**



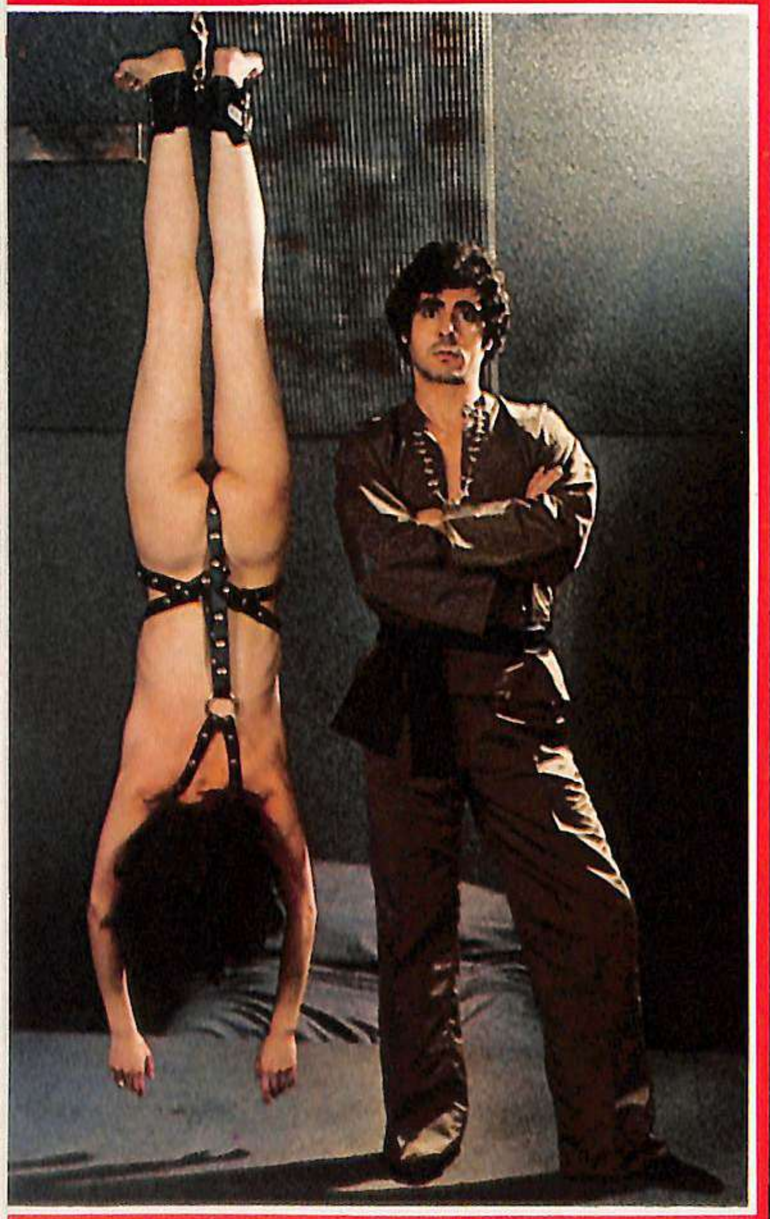
# Brute Suits

"CHIC" IS
BEING HEAD
OVER HEELS
IN LUST. . . .

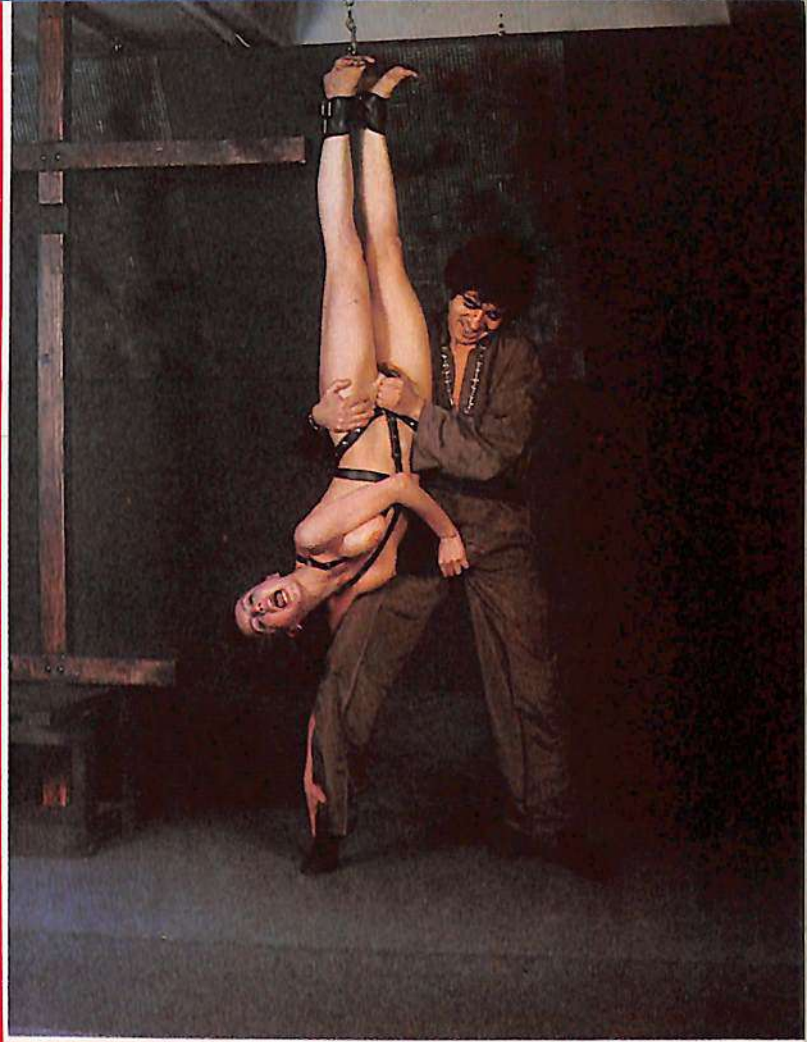


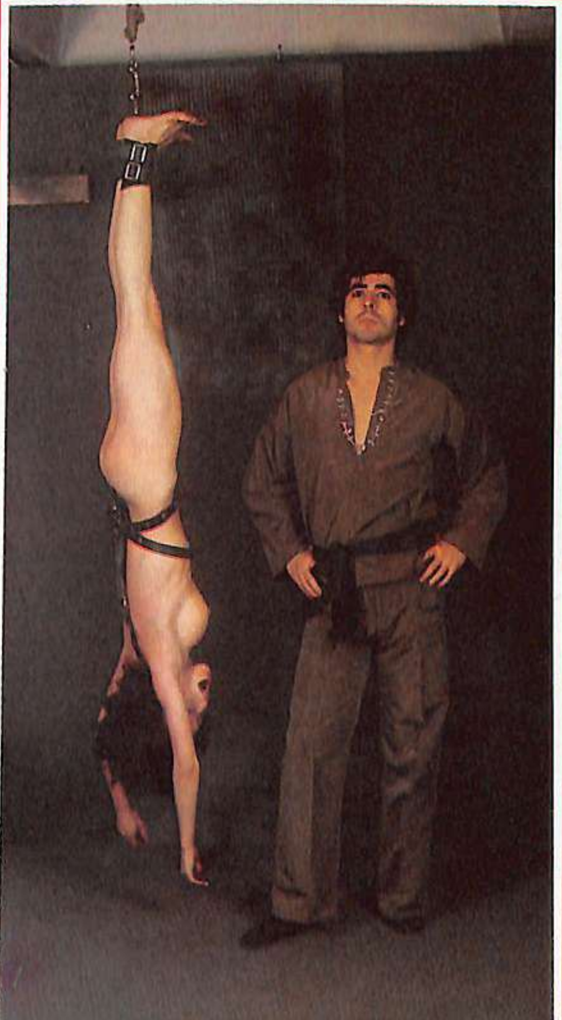
# Brute Suits

LEGREE,
TO A DEGREE.
ARMSWING. . . .
WHIPSTING.

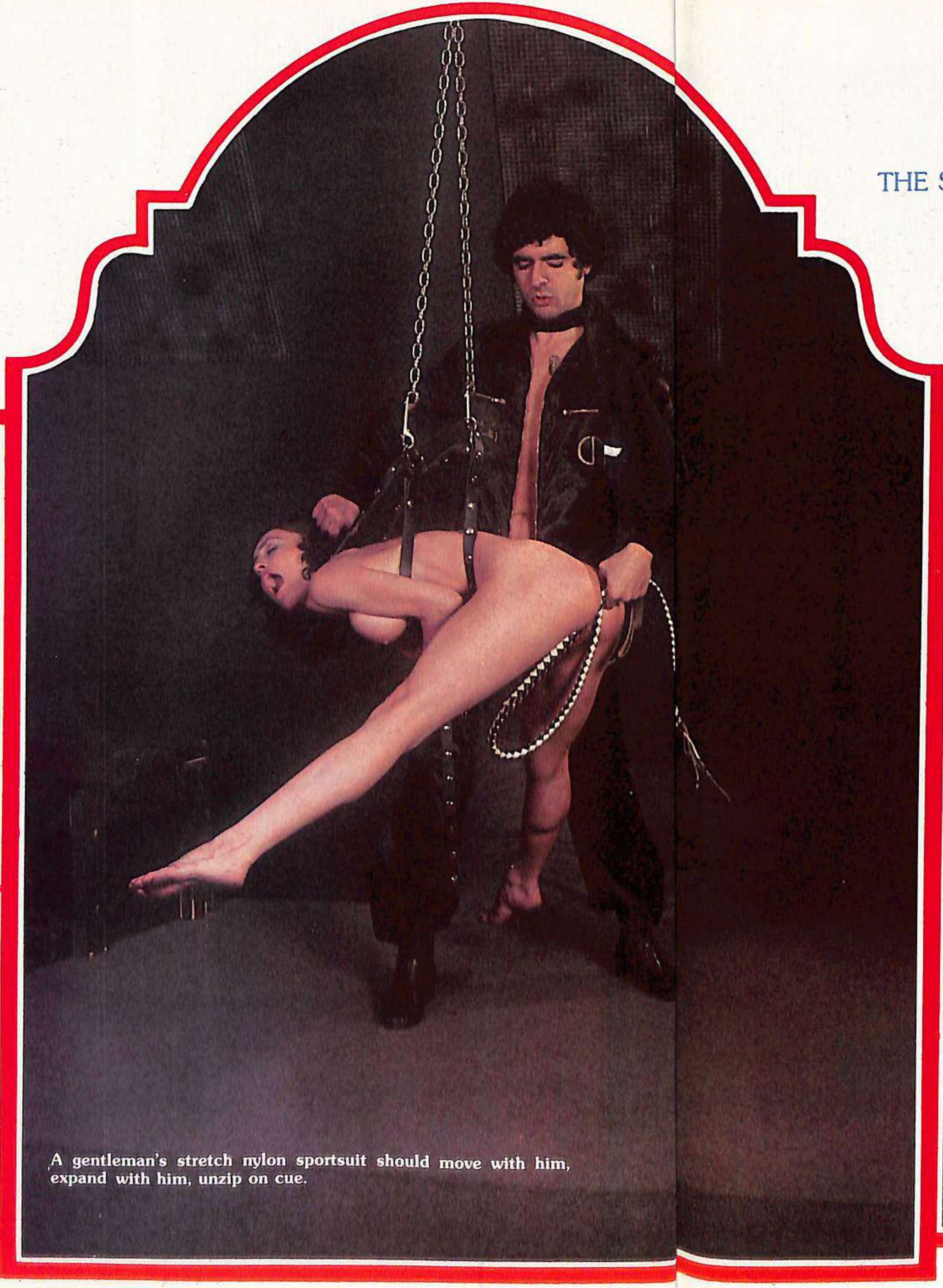


**A silky karate suit will tear hell out of the wallet, but leave the arms free for sudden lunge.**





# Brute Suits

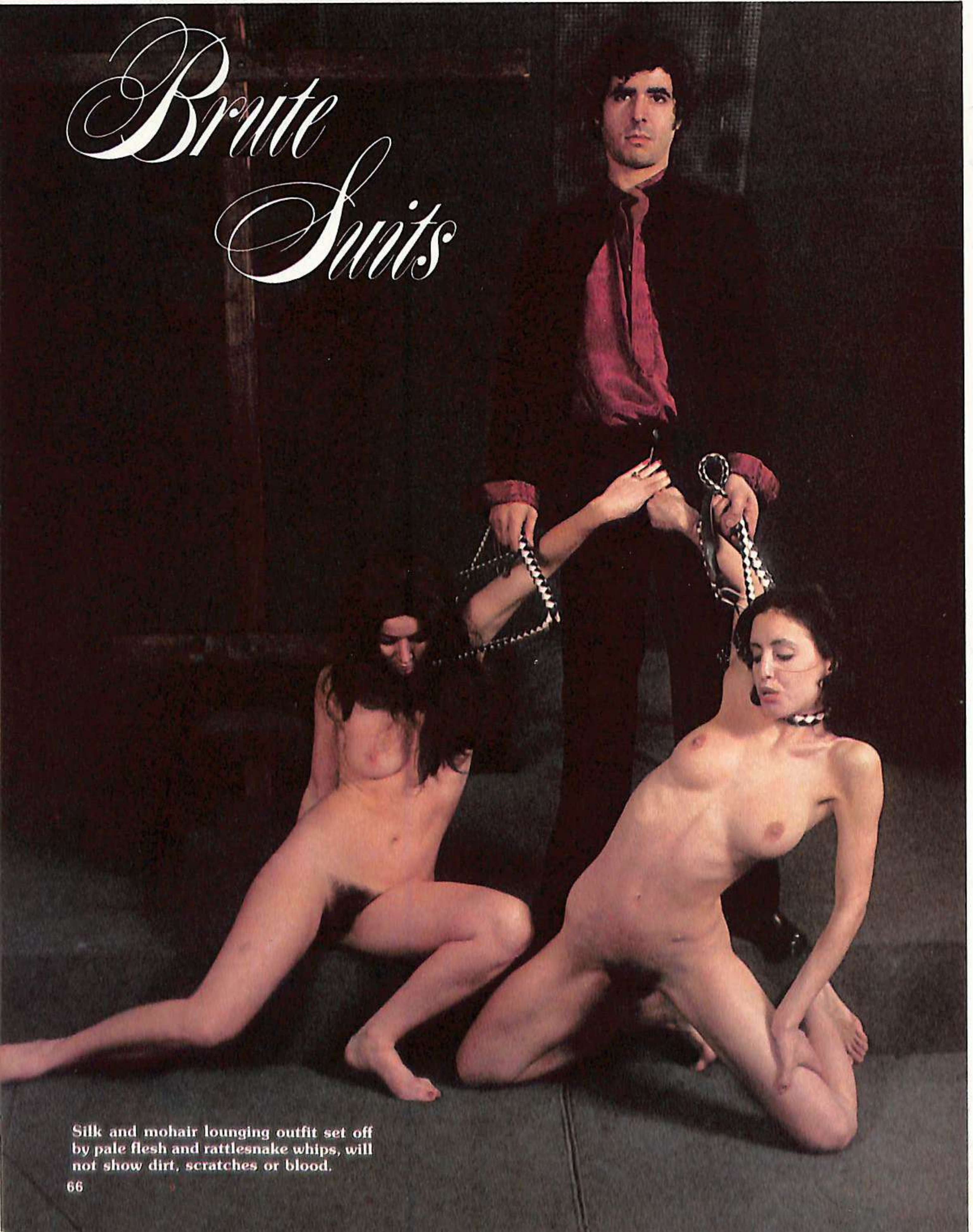


A gentleman's stretch nylon sportsuit should move with him, expand with him, unzip on cue.

THE SUSPENSE IS
KILLING
HER.
SHE EATS
HER HEART
OUT.

FOR THE DUDE WHO HAS EVERYTHING—A SET OF SUCK SLAVES

# Brute Suits



Silk and mohair lounging outfit set off by pale flesh and rattlesnake whips, will not show dirt, scratches or blood.

# THE BEGINNER'S BASIC BIBLE OF BOOB BONDAGE

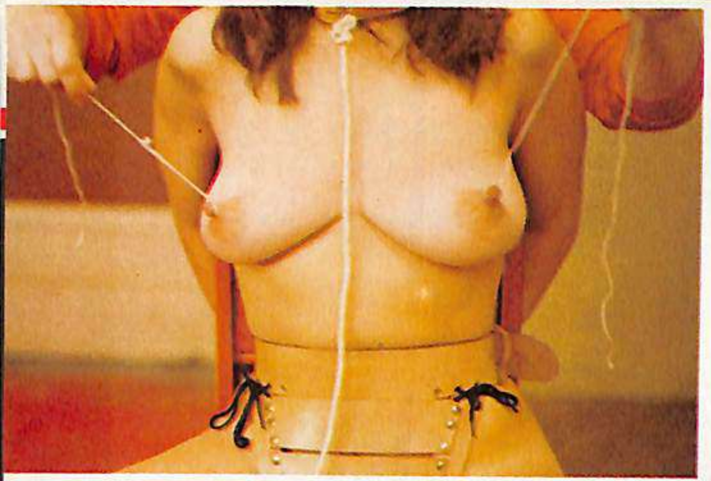
## Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Restraint And Discipline Of Milady's Mammalia

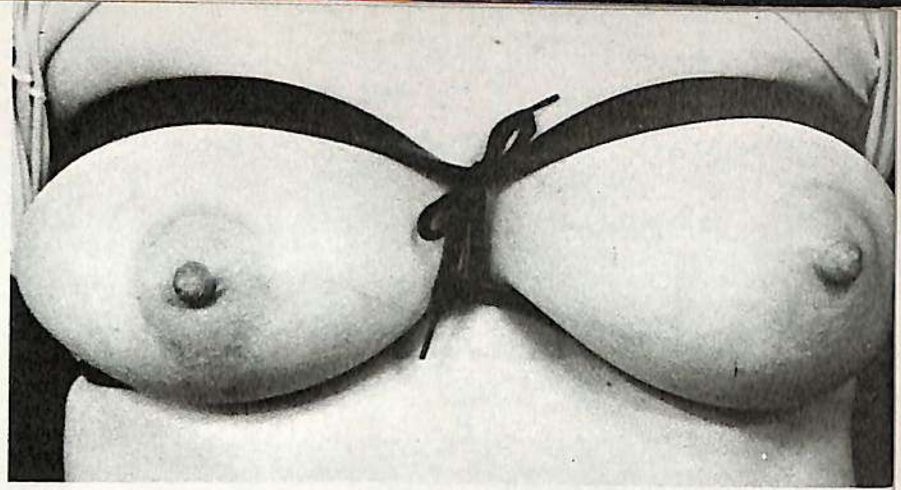
**Instruction by James Hartwell**

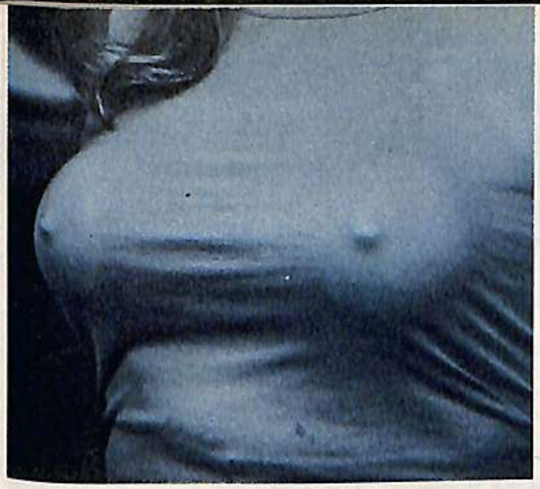
Photographs by James Hartwell • Illustration by Rene Moncada

We are a culture of bosom freaks yet we do little actual sex to our women's breasts. Bondage and discipline can be an effective way to turn spectatorship into participation: it is one of the great underground sex games.

It helps if your partner has some hefty mammary material. My wife is loaded, and my friend's wife isn't particularly skimpy in the chest department either. Consequently, the photos you will see are of large-breasted women. It makes things easier, but it certainly does not preclude those of you who have partners with little or no development from enjoying sex-pain in this area. Even in the flat-chested male, the nipples are available to a master for





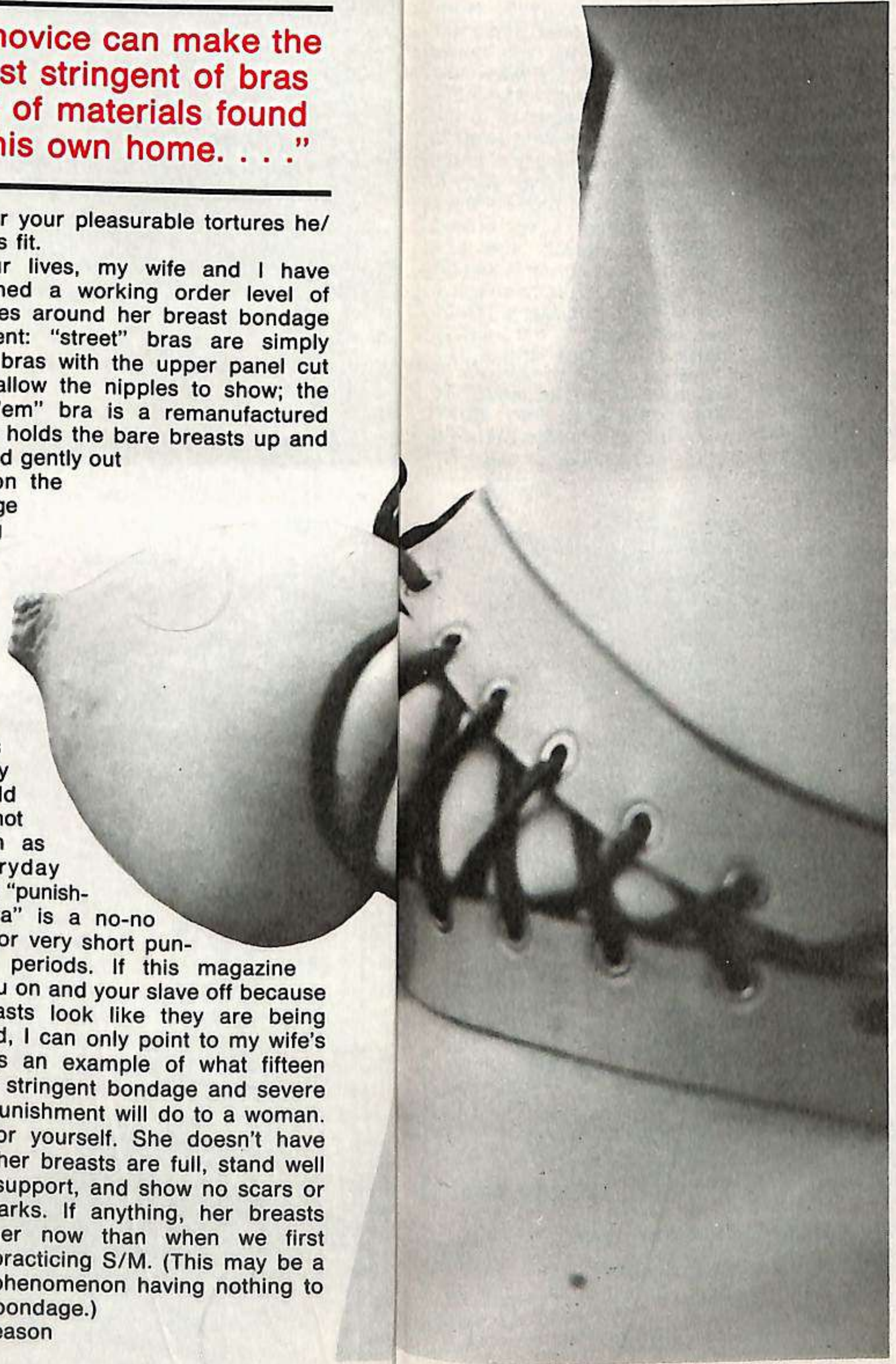


"A novice can make the most stringent of bras out of materials found in his own home. . . ."

whatever your pleasurable tortures he/she sees fit.

In our lives, my wife and I have established a working order level of languages around her breast bondage equipment: "street" bras are simply regular bras with the upper panel cut out to allow the nipples to show; the "flaunt 'em" bra is a remanufactured bra that holds the bare breasts up and squeezed gently out—it is on the hairy edge of being considered bondage equipment; the "breast strap" is definitely in the field and cannot be worn as an everyday item; the "punishment bra" is a no-no except for very short punishment periods. If this magazine turns you on and your slave off because the breasts look like they are being damaged, I can only point to my wife's figure as an example of what fifteen years of stringent bondage and severe breast punishment will do to a woman. Judge for yourself. She doesn't have cancer, her breasts are full, stand well without support, and show no scars or other marks. If anything, her breasts are larger now than when we first started practicing S/M. (This may be a natural phenomenon having nothing to do with bondage.)

The reason



# BOOB BONDAGE

why my wife's figure shows no ill effects if because I am very, very careful. I love her dearly and consider her best interests above my pleasure. Follow my instructions, heed the advice given, and use your own good common sense. You can have years of mutual pleasure, or a turned-off relationship if you get greedy.

## The Street Bra

O.K. If your partner has a bit of daring, the "street" bra is any easy way to introduce her to the pleasures of breast bondage. She might object at first, but insist she try. Admiring glances from other men will eventually prove psychologically rewarding. Be sure her blouse is of some non-chafing material. Unless you have been into heavy nipple manipulation, her tips can quickly become irritated from the constant wiping action of the cloth. Keep the times short at first, and *don't* start her in that part of her menstrual cycle when her nipples are tender. If she strongly objects to going out in her "special" bra, don't force the issue—but insist she wear it for you at home. Sooner or later she will gain enough confidence in herself to meet the public. Aside from a sexier-looking wife, the bra brings many little shocks of awareness to her of the turn-on power of her beautiful breasts—regardless of their size. Becoming aware is a necessary step in sophistication. The bra is so simple to make and so comfortable to wear that it is a natural starting place. Give it a try. By the way, until she is really into it, *don't* buy those cut-out bras heavily advertised in the girlie magazines. They are overpriced and uncomfortable. Use one of your wife's old bras. They fit, they are comfortable, and the price is right.

## The Flaunt-'Em Bra

After your partner is used to the street bra and willing to attempt something a little more dramatic, you might try the "flaunt-em bra." You can't buy this, you have to build it yourself. I doubt it would work on a small breasted woman, but a least it might give you some ideas. Save up worn-out bras for parts and straps. The secret is in using the solid foundation of an expensive regular bra as attachment points for the elastic support bands. This way the breast remains trapped instead of eventually working free. Surprisingly, a little constriction of the bands gives really good separation and uplift. The "feel" of the breast under clothing is a real shocker—it's a soft, naked breast that looks like it just has to be an outrageous falsie, but it isn't. My wife has lifted a lot of cocks with this one—mine included! While this is not really bondage equipment, it does present the breasts nicely for manipulation, punishment, nibbling or whatever. Again, if you build this for street use—protect your partner. Don't squeeze the breast. My wife has worn this overnight in comfort.

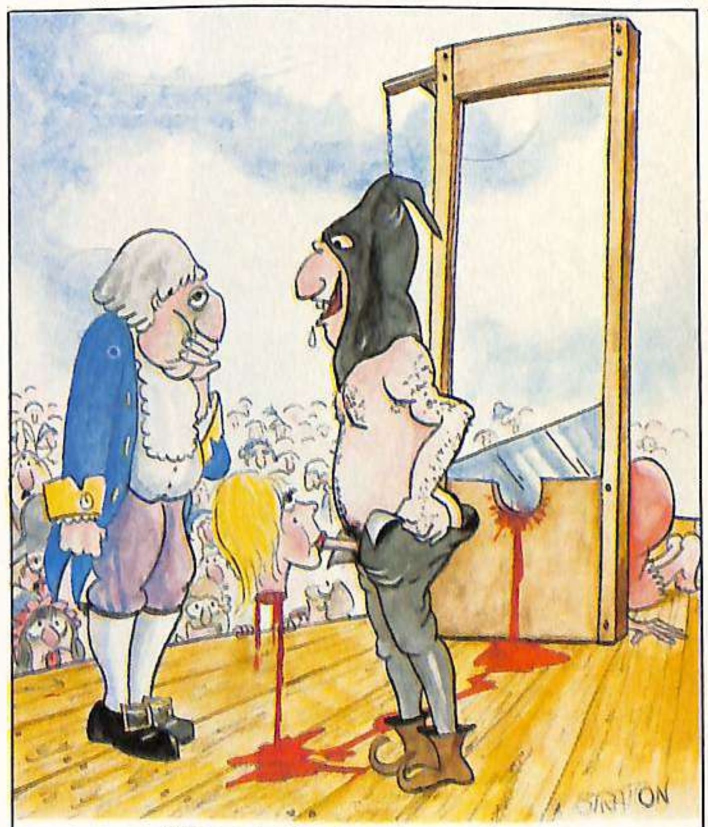
## The Breast Strap

The next item is specifically designed to squeeze the breasts. "The breast strap" is straight bondage stuff, can't be purchased, and can be dangerous. It will work nicely on smaller breasted women, but is spectacular on large-breasted types. You can build this basic piece of breast equipment for about $10. (*Nobody, but nobody,* sells this, and unless you are very wealthy, forget about having it custom-made.) The principle is straightforward, a partially-split belt circles the upper torso, the breasts pop through the split portion, and eyelets, strung with shoe lacing, allow the breasts to be squeezed as flat and tight as safety permits. This gives you quite a bit of swollen breast meat to play with. The nipples engorge with blood and push out dramatically, as do the surrounding areolas. Veins in the nipple area stand out like earthworms after a heavy rain. In a short time the breasts actually darken in color and loose a great deal of sensitivity. This is where things can get bad. Your slave simply doesn't feel much pain, and can actually goad you into doing her real damage. Remember, you are the responsible party!

How do you know when enough is enough? It starts with you before you even harness her up. Foremost in your head must be consideration of your partner's welfare—whether she likes it or not. Secondly, how much pressure are you going to force the breasts to accept? You can't keep them shut-off from a blood supply for long. I suggest you try this for starters: have your partner bend forward and work her breasts through. Then pull the belt tight from behind when she is making a normal intake of breath. The flesh around her rib cage should be dented, but she should be able to breathe without much difficulty. Leave the lacing quite loose on the sides, and tie the split portion flat together directly between her breasts. It's important that these straps lay dead flat against each other, otherwise you simply won't be able to get a good squeeze.

Now start tightening the laces, being very careful not to pinch the skin. Work from the back to the front. You may have to repeat the tightening process several times, and if your slave is large breasted, you will have to pull the breast meat through a few times until you have all of it trapped. How tight to make them? This depends on your plans for the session. If she will have to lay on them, or you plan to enter her sexually from the front and clasp her, obviously they must be left fairly loose. I tighten until the nipple area just starts to swell, the meat dents easily from my finger, and I can move the breasts freely up and down with my hands. My wife once spent six hours like this when, as a matter of principle, I forced her to wear it to a "straight" party. I suspect she could have worn it considerably longer. Normally I set her up for breast discipline (which she enjoys) or punishment (which she doesn't.) This requires a really hard squeeze. Subsequent loss of circulation numbs the breast and allows more stringent measures to be used. A hard squeeze has the nipple area fully blown out with no wrinkles showing

(Continued on page 75)



"She actually thought she could dissuade me from doing my duty . . ."

# THE THIGHS OF TEXAS ARE UPON US

(Continued from page 54)

printed for three months. We were lucky in having the backing we needed for legal talent. A couple of other publishing groups had tried to put out a paper like *The Ball* last year and the year before, but ended up being eaten alive by the legal costs involved. Every county sheriff in the state feels that busting the local porn shop or theater is an easy way to get re-elected. Used to be they'd go after the whore houses at election time. Now it's fuckbook stores. If you haven't got the money for the lawyers, you can get into some pretty mean hassles with the law."

Connors had the *Ball*'s best known (and black-east) reporter show me around. Charlie Parker is a small, wirey black man in his mid-thirties. Does it seem odd that a Texas sex tabloid would employ a black reporter? Maybe there's sometimes after all to this New South business.

"We get our share of hate mail from the KKK," said Connors. "And Charlie takes his share of abuse. He even got jumped by a white transvestite in Dallas while he was doing a story on transsexuals. But Charlie's a good drawing card, gets us a lot of attention. Makes people talk. He's also the best writer in the state, in my opinion."

Parker *is* a good writer. His outlandish, muscled prose, a kind of scatalogical mish-mash of ghetto jive, Raymond Chandler and Groucho Marx sets the tone for the *Ball*'s free-swinging style. Everything is fair game for both the *Ball* and Parker. So strong is their combined assault on many of the biggest names in Texas that one Houston writer has said the *Ball* is long on guts but definitely short in the brains department.

"Bullshit, man," Parker responded. "What makes the *Ball* different is that we have *both* guts and brains. We don't say things that aren't true. That we can't prove. We print the truth as we find it. If it stings somebody, then tough shit. If that somebody is a big man in the state, then it's still tough shit."

I asked what proof there was to substantiate Parker's charge that one current Texas politico used to perform oral sodomy on barn animals as a teenager.

Parker flashed a wide, gold-capped smile. "That was a hot one when it came out, wasn't it? The old guy, was mad as hell. But we can back up every word. Listen man, we got witnesses, neighbors of that old bastard who saw him do it. Some of those coots have hated the guy for fifty years. They were more than happy when we came along to put it in print."

Parker offered to take me along on his next assignment, a visit to a Houston nudist night club that boasts the head of the state KKK, the president of the local N.R.A. and three police captains as regular customers.

"Let's say the shit's gonna hit the fan when they see my black ass in there," Parker told me with a confident grin. I wasn't so confident. I declined the offer.

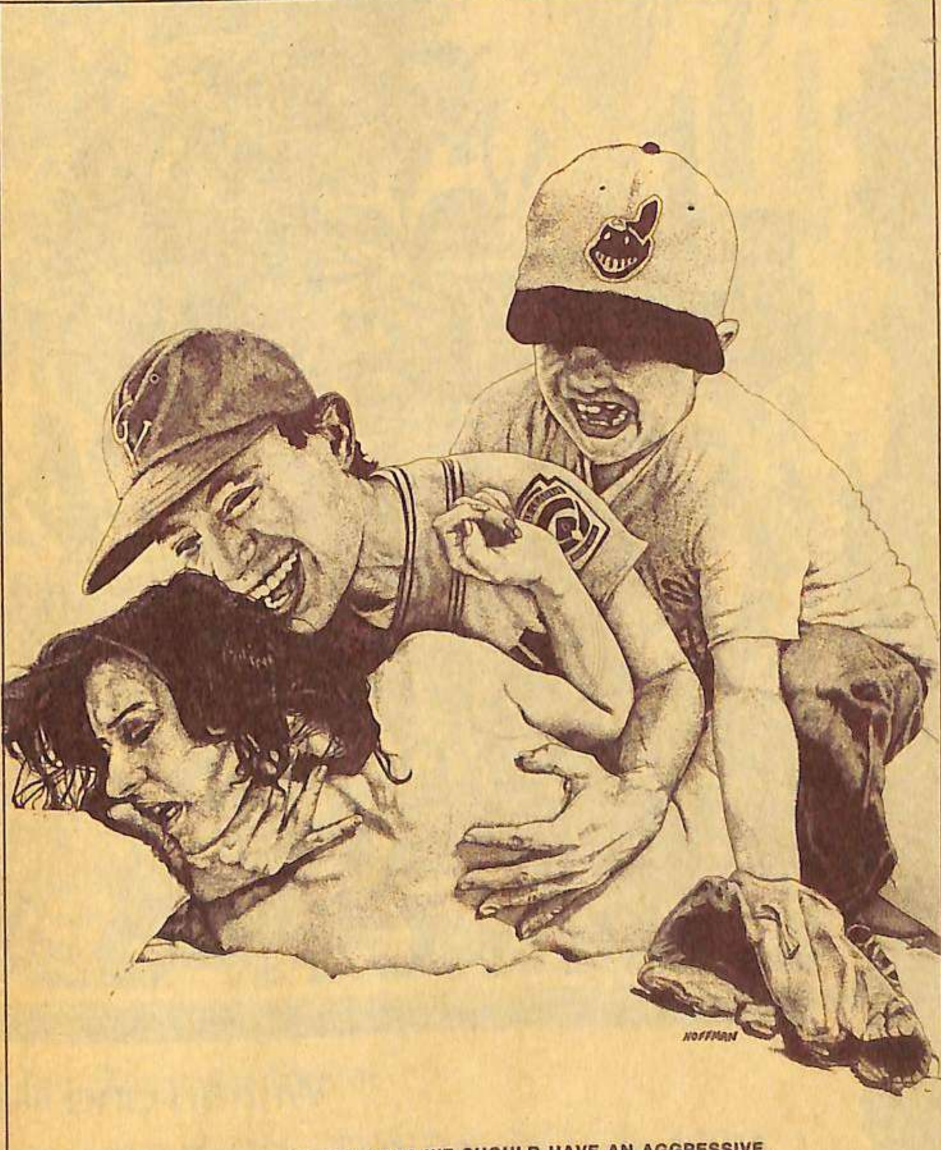
Instead, I had Parker take me to the office of Richard Spackle, the man in charge of *Ball Bulletin*, a concoction of some of the oddest news items to ever grace a sex tabloid page. I suggested they weren't all on the up and up.

"Not so," answered Spackle, a short, balding blond in his late thirties, with a wrinkled cherubic face, like an aged Paul Williams. "Connors makes us keep it on the level. Take the faggot story. Here we have a wire service piece that says this guy, a former high official in L.A., was picked up in a fag movie house for soliciting an undercover cop. We made some calls and had a contact of ours in L.A. snoop around. He managed to talk to the cop involved, who spilled the line the dude used on him. 'What's a joint like you doing in a place like this?' People thought we faked it. But who would have believed a guy like this being picked up on a fag charge anyway if it hadn't been on the wire?"

That afternoon I got to meet the fabulous Tania T., the *Ball*'s second string (but not second rate) female reporter. Her five-foot-three frame, adorned by Raquel Welch tits and a Jane Fonda face are enough to win the hard of any male over the age of puberty. She offered to show me around the hot spots of Houston, definitely an offer I couldn't refuse. While we rode in her red Pinto along the Southwest Freeway, she filled me in on how she got involved in the smut racket.

"I was introduced to John at a party. We got to talking and I told him how I used to work for the University of Houston paper. He suggested I try something for the *Ball*. I did a piece on a nudist camp outside of Austin. John liked it, so he offered me a full-time job. I believe I'm the only full time female porn writer in Texas."

Texas is, if nothing else, a land of extremes. As if to prove it, Tania took me to Houston's Liberation club, a reverse macho nitery where men are hired to dance naked for a crowd of screaming, ass-pinching women. As I sat with Tania, surrounded by dozens of beer swilling, howling female chauvinists, I couldn't shake the feeling that, with so much in Texas, sex would soon be Big business and, like cattle and oil before it, Texas sex would soon be Big across the nation. To paraphrase Jack-in-the-Box, watch out New York! ●



"BUT, MA, COACH SAYS WE SHOULD HAVE AN AGGRESSIVE, WINNING ATTITUDE OFF THE FIELD AS WELL AS ON IT . . ."

# JACK AND LIL

Jack walked into town with a trench-knife in his belt and and a machine gun on his back. He said, "Hello, hometown, I'm an ex-paratrooper, I'm non-union, and I just got back."

Down at the corner of Hell's Gate and Main, Jack saw an old friend, Jim, who said, "Hey, Jack, the town's done changed."

Jack said, "I hope you mean to tell me that all the politicians have been hanged."

"Hush that kind of talk my old friend, Jack, or you'll get bureaucracy's lead in your back."

"The first statist puke that puts his cross hairs on me, I'll tear off his head, shit in it, and charge him a fee."

"You're bitter, Jack, and that's a sin. You have to forget—you lost—when you thought you fought for freedom in the Vietnam din."

Barney Steel

Written and illustra ed by Barney Steel

**FUCK FOR LOVE. KILL FOR FRE DOM. "UNDER EVERY MASK AND MYSTICAL EPITHET IS AN ANT INDIVIDUALIST COLLECTIVE RAT!"**

"I always fight for freedom and liberty. If you steal my money, I'll break your back across my knee—morally. I'll fuck a girl if she chooses, or a woman, or a whore. I don't give a damn about the poor."

Jim flashed a .38 and a Federal Moral-Conditioner's badge, "It's obvious you've got no social awareness, Jack, and nowadays that's what *in*. You come along with me. now so my friends can put you in a *B.F. Skinner* correctional pen."

Jack whipped out his trench-knife and sliced Jim apart like a strung-up hog. The way his guts spilled out, it kind of reminded Jack of a Vietnam bog.

The preacher on welfare pulled up in a Cadillac. He said, "Shame, shame. It's on God's love that you've turned your back. You're supposed to love your enemies, even the geeks. You've got to learn, boy, to turn the other cheek.

# JACK AND LIL

You've got to accept *original-sin-guilt*, and punish yourself for Eve's apple, and the three nails that went into Jesus up to the hilt. So just give me ten-percent of all that you earn, and I'll fix you up in a place where the fire don't burn."

Jack said, "Shove Christ on a cross sideways up God's ass in heaven so blue. Give me a shot of rye whiskey or mountain dew. I'll fuck the Virgin Mother, too. If you force, *In God We Trust*, on me—then by the FIRST AMENDMENT, I'll kill ye, if necessary."

Standing there with his greasy eyeballs all a-bloat, and his Moses-robes smelling like an old goat, the preacher screamed, "CRUSADES!" and tried to wrap his rosary beads around Jack's throat.

Jack said, "It's self-defense again for me, you dark-ages gook. You're going to pay the price for trying to shove me around like some goddamned juke. You mystics have held the world in the dark, too far behind. There's no time now to be kind." Jack rammed his trench-knife into the preacher's guts, across his ass and up to his mind.

From out of this joint just across the street, ran a brunette, she looked kind of neat. She said, "You dirty, war-mongering, anti-socialistic, United Nations-hating bum. You're supposed to be an American, love everyone, even the Viet Cong, not call them scum."

Jack said, "Oh tell me once more, oh tell me again—what is the criteria to be an American?"

She said, "I pay all my taxes and do what the bureaucrats say without a complaint, and if somebody defies the Commies, why I just faint. I do everything that's loosey-goosey-splashy-sketchy-trendy and *in*—I even fuck around with the Symbionese Army-Manson Family-ZEBRA kin. I believe the people should wise up and become a big, belching, cosmic-One—now don't go and tell me that Hitler said the same thing about the NAZI hun. I no longer believe in the angel's hark; I now believe in it's substitute—that of stealing everybody's money for equal redistribution, just like Marx. I don't want oil wells off our shores: I want to live in a hippie commune cave, worship plankton, and be full of sores—like the little Commie-rats in the Peace Corps who carry shit-pots around the non-productive's door. Don't tell me that I'm a goddamned quack: I discovered I was a woman when I plugged into Hegelian-Daisy-chain-Group-identity, female-feedback. I've got a degree in behavioral psychology, as you can see: We're all the same mental tone, everybody's on society's loan. We're all products of race, or gender, or environment—get the hint? You'd better subordinate yourself and repent. Anybody that stands alone is going to get gassed or bent."

Jack said, "Take a hike, bitch. I need a slit, not a stitch. Hang all that Hegelian social engineering crap in your ass. Now let me pass."

"Where's your sensitivity at—you goddamned hard-hat? You're ridiculous, but you've got a big prick. My husband's a hick, so fuck me quick."

"Get out of my way, sheep-head. I don't crave your pinko bed."

She said, "Give me your time and money—the poor, the old folks, the useless and me, need honey."

"I don't give a goddamn if you-all need ham."

She pulled out a gun and a Federal Tax-Person's badge, and said, "Hey, mother fucker—your money and your mind equally redistributed to all, or you're going to take a lead-filled fall."

Jack swung up his machine gun and blew off her head. She crashed to the concrete and rolled over dead.

Jack walked into the meanest joint in town, broke a pimp's jaw, and laid his money down. "Bartender, bartender, please make haste. Give me a shot of rye whiskey. I like the taste."

The bartender said, "Hey sonofabitch, that pimp was my brother. He kept me in business by taking money off all the mothers."

The bartender threw down a sawed-off shot gun aimed right at Jack's guts. Jack fired from the hip and shot off the bartender's nuts.

The mayor's boys all rushed in, trying like hell to tear off Jack's skin. He shot their hearts, and he shot out their eyes. Jack flat don't like those 1984 guys.

Jack walked on down Hell's Gate street. He'd been hit. He was cut up bad and shot down to shit. He fell in the gutter without a sound, and layed there quietly, watching the evening sun go down.

After awhile, Jack looked up. There was an old, black man reaching out of the night with a big, knotted paw. He said, "Get off your ass, white boy, before you get fucked by the so-called law. I stood tall and fought 'em all, for one-hundred years before you ever saw."

Jack got to his feet and had a shot of rye. The morning sun was blazing like the fires of Hell up in the sky. He said, "Thanks, and goodbye. Go take a rest. All of the enemies of liberty are going to die."

Jack took off on a hunch and sure enough: he bagged a commie-rat for lunch; a socialist-leech for dinner; a Roosevelt-lover the next day for breakfast; and a fascist-pig for brunch.

With the city in flames behind him and the streets strewn with the bones of the collectivists' dead, Jack kept moving ahead. He said, "I'd rather be dead, than red."

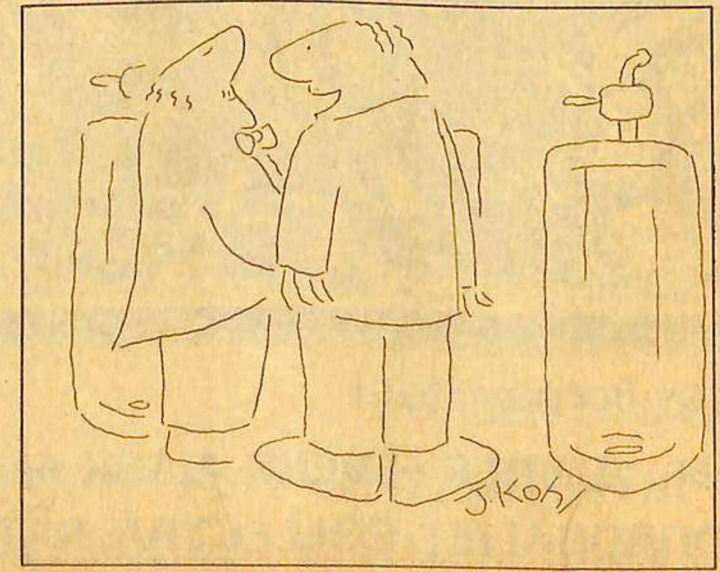
Now from across the hill, came a big black woman named Lil. One look at her and Jack knew he was in love. Her cunt was made for his big cock just like a glove.

Lil came on with enough tits and ass to fill two beds, a pile of kinks on her head, and M-3 slung across her back, and twenty magazines full of hot, .45 caliber lead. She said, "Hey man, I'm a black lass. The Ku Klux Klan is out to stomp my ass. On the other side, the Black Muslims say, if I fuck a white man, they'll tear off my hide! So how about giving me a hand. Together, we can stop them from spreading their racist shit all over the land."

Jack said, "I know where the Klansmen's and Muslims' heads are at; under every mask and mystical epithet, is an anti-individualistic, collectivist rat."

Lil said, "Now the Muslims are in a field on the other side of this hill. They've just whupped a girl for getting knocked up by a white man. They're fixing to cut the baby out. Man, they're getting ready to kill . . . Now the Klan is over yonder by the pass. They've got confederate flags stuffed up their ass. We're outnumbered but we can win. They're all standing hypnotized around a flaming cross like cattle in a pen. They just hung my brother. They murdered him."

From their bunker on the hill, Jack and Lil rolled barrels of TNT into the Klansmen's and Muslims' midst. Those high-order detonations didn't give all those rednecks—white or black—enough time to even get pissed. After the explosions, Jack and Lil kept firing from the hill—what a kill. Klansmen and Muslims fell like cord wood. Lil said, from where she stood, her M-3 firing good, "Hey, Jack. I knew we could."



After the carnage was finished, the Klansmen and Muslims diminished, Lil said, "I need to be replenished"

She grabbed Jack's hair and shoved her hot cunt into his mouth, pissing and coming enough to flood the whole goddamned South. Jack gurgled, moaned and bucked, trying to suck her inside out.

After awhile Lil said, "Okay, big boy, it's your turn to hunt—fuck me in the ass, fuck me in the mouth, and fuck me in the cunt. Fuck me down and fuck me up. Shove your big cock right up my gut."

They fucked all night and half the next day—fucking, sucking, and coming, rolling like animals through the clover and into the hay, getting all they could of that sweet, fucking efficacy.

Lil screamed and cried and moaned, and while they were flying, Jack roared like a lion. Finally she said, "Hey, Jack, if we do much more of this, we're going to be dying."

The feds were hot on their trail and they had to run. They killed a bunch of cops and took off like mother fuckers under a noon day sun.

After a few more kills, they hid in the mountains by the rocks and the rills. Through the years they had a some high-yellow kids, built an emerald city and a bunch of mills.

Others like them came in pairs. Everybody became millionaires. None of their kids sat around crying the blues. They all went out and got rich like Howard Hughes.

When the tax-collectors came creeping around, Jack and Lil hung them from the lamp posts, bodies all around.

On the day they faced their forty-thousandth rising sun, Jack said, "Lil, it's been good, it's been fun. We fucked for love, and killed the collectivists by the ton. We've won. Our life's work is done. We kept our hair through the glare, and the flag is still there."

Lil said, "Oh, fuck me once more before I die, right here on the green moss by the waterfall, at the edge of the sky. Fuck me by the bay, and fuck me in the sun's golden ray. Fuck me to death, baby, and we'll leave this old world the right fucking way."

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# BOOB BONDAGE

(Continued from page 70)

from the nipple itself into the areola, veins protruding obviously in the nipple area, a high sheen over the swollen breast, a silky texture when stroked, and a "stiff" reaction to up and down lifting motions. As I was learning my wife's limits, I found I had to ignore her advice—she always wanted them "tighter". Yet Marie, my friend's wife, has to be put in bondage just to get the harness on and it's "too tight" before I even start lacing. I have a simple test that works fairly well. As you are tightening, lightly slap the breast downward. Notice that as you lace tighter, the breast stops rocking and shaking and eventually vibrates when struck—that's it! Stop! My wife has had many two-to-three hour sessions like this, but I strongly suggest you limit yours to a half hour at first.

## The Punishment Bra

The "punishment bra" is actually a rather simple harness. Each breast is trapped in its own split strap that comes over the shoulder and attaches to a heavy belt run around the body just under the breasts. Many adjustments are provided to custom-fit each breast to its throttling device, and again, laces are used to produce the final squeeze. In all my years of practicing S/M and B/D, I have never seen anything like it. Like the "flaunt'em," and "breast strap", it is my own invention and like the others costs less than $10 to build. It has little esthetic value, and certainly doesn't enhance the appearance of the breasts. It is designed to hold those sweet orbs of breast flesh for the caress of the lash, rod and paddle—and it does! When my wife sees it laid out, she immediately knows a severe breast punishment session is coming, and suddenly becomes very sweet and sad-eyed. I rarely use this device as I don't really like doing straight punishment. But every once in a while my wife and I both need to be reminded who makes the final decisions in our family. I don't have to tell her to put it on often, but when I do she knows I have to hurt her, and sha knows I don't like it. In a way this is a punishment for both of us.

The device provide two necessary conditions for really sophisticated breast torture. (A) It allows great separation so each breast can be treated individually, and, (B) it guarantees the breast will not jump about while being beaten. A fringe benefit for the slave is the numbing effect previously discussed. Basic to the design is the need to completely encircle the breast with the squeezing strap so that tremendous compression can be attained. This harness simply won't allow a breast to escape its intimate embrace. However, to work at all, it must be very tight all way round. This is uncomfortable, as the straps dig deeply into the shoulders, the belt constricts breathing, and the breasts are bady squeezed. (My wife's nipples will occasionally ooze a thin watery fluid under these conditions.) Normally I pre-gag and helmet her to save a little time. You only have about half an hour of work-life once she is in tight harness, then you must simply loosen the laces. I will usually allow an hour, but I don't suggest this to you.

A word on preparation for "punishment only" sessions. If it is *really* to be breast punishment you should be completely set up before you start strapping in. Don't improvise. Know exactly what you need and how you are going to carry the session through. Typically, my wife strips to the waist, takes a very stiff drink, and assists me in loosely positioning her harness. I then put her leather wrist and ankle cuffs on, remove her earrings, meet any last minute desires before total bondage (a cigarette, drink, etc.), and let her long hair down. In our bedroom I have assembled: a timer, a sturdy straight-backed chair, several neckties and assorted lengths of rope, a short lash, a light rod, a light paddle, two alligator clips, a dozen clamp-type clothes pins, two types of helmets and a ball gag, a bowl of water containing ice cubes and a wash rag, a pack of cigarettes and matches, half a glass of scotch whiskey, some short pieces of butcher's string, and finally—a jar ofvaseline.

If she starts to take her slacks off, I shake my head "no", and she knows this is strictly pain time—no fun-and-games. At this point I cinch the shoulder straps and belt down, have her sit in the chair, securely fasten her ankles to the front chair legs, draw her arms over the back, utilizing a pair of rolled socks between the edge of the chair back and her arms. I then tie her arms to the chair frame with soft neckties at her shoulders, elbows and wrists. With some regret, I fit her helmet and effectively gag her. Notice that I still do not start the lacing until my slave and equipment are at the ready. As soon as I finish the compression, I start the pain.

This kind of preparation gives you the maximum work time in a situation where the physical nature of your equipment insists you release your slave in a limited time.

## Some Words Of Precaution

Before we move on to "the spreader bar", I'll give you a few tips on this type of discipline:

Remember that it is strictly for punishment. Do not allow your own lusts to lead you into sex play with your victim. Also be careful not to be seduced into the same. Your slave will try to suck you in—literally, as well as figuratively. Punish these attempts until they cease. If you have determined the purpose of a punishment session, then do it right or you aren't much of a master. (This can be extremely difficult. When my wife is sobbing quietly with tears running down her face, I have to force myself to add yet another clamp to an already hurting breast. This is no joke.) Spare yourself a little mental pain, soft gag and blindfold her before you start.

Set ground rules for all punishment sessions. Mine are as follows: No matter what type of punishment I determine is appropriate—breast, vaginal, buttocks, enema, stringent bondage, multiple penetration, degradation, etc., the session ceases in exactly one hour, or less, if I determine it is sufficient. My wife has no choice in the matter. She is guaranteed that no skin will be broken, no cuts inflicted, no needles inserted, no ligaments torn, etc. In short, she must bear up to one hour's intense pain or degradations, secure that her body is quite safe from real harm.

Never leave the victim unattended.

Make these sessions very rare! Only an egocentric sadist could really enjoy this kind of thing. You don't really want to hurt someone you love. The S/M-B/D games my wife plays with me are sex-pain oriented for both our enjoyment. Straight pain can't (or shouldn't) be enjoyed by either the torturer or the tortured. As an example, I'm a photo nut, yet we had to pose the illustrations for the "punishment bra" because I never have taken a single picture of my punishment sessions. (I don't think we have twenty sessions in fifteen years.) There is a real distinction between people acting out master/slave roles for mutual gain, and those who are exploiting each other at no gain to the exploited.

Well I'm an engineer, not a psychologist, so back to the old drawing board.

### The Spreader Bar

The "spreader bar" is essentially a punishment device, but might be enjoyed by a slave deeply into breast bondage. Again, you can't buy it, it's my own invention, but it's so simple anyone can make it. A piece of 25-cent doweling, 2 holes, a couple of pieces of butcher's everyday twine, and—voila!—you have an interesting, but dangerous piece of equipment. I mention the danger in front, because as a punishment device it only works when the nipples are strangulated, and under great tension. (See "working the nipples".)

I caution you against using this little nasty in combination with compression type equipment as the nipples will be severely starved for blood. Don't make it any worse. I personally feel ten minutes should be maximum pain-time for this one. I say this because I notice the trapped nipple tips of my wife rapidly lose almost all sensitivity by that time. The pain comes from the stretched (but still receiving a blood supply) nipple areas. The first time I used it I noticed her tips turned angry red, then a deep purple-almost black. When the implications finally sunk in I became terribly frightened and immediately released them. Gentle kneading brought circulation back and no permanent damage was done. Persistent pain for more than twenty-four hours (other than from the nipple tips themselves) indicates you may have torn tissue in the breast. Only time will help this situation and you get the "dummy of the year" award. The prize is the freeing of your slave, and a five year jail term for assault.

### Protect Your Partner!

Awright, let's assume you don't wish to build this type of equipment, but would like to try breast bondage anyway. Well you can, and with materials readily available.

First a few cautions: Do not imitate most of the stuff you see in available commercial publications. They are either flat-out phoney, or dangerous if you are a beginner. Don't use rope, and for both of your sakes, stay the hell away from string! Rope is clumsy, and string can cut. Neither is easy to use, and is an absolute bitch to get out of in emergencies. Leave this jazz to the magazines and the expert practitionerswho are into dangerous scenes. Make sure your partner is as comfortable as possible in any situation. Stop when he or she has had it! (Except in punishment sessions—then you must continue, like it or not.) When the pain/degradation scale slips from "fun" to "help me!" for your slave, you've lost it. Pay close attention to your partner's emotional and psychological state as well as the physical one. Now, into what you can do experimentally.

To me, breast bondage essentially means restraining the breasts. We subject their natural movement to unnatural devices. The most common is the everyday brassiere. Your wife has been conditioned to breast bondage all her life and doesn't realize it. If you wish to bring forth this latent image, I suggest you try my "street bra." If you have a good slave, you can move right in with neckties. Oh yes, your closet contains soft material necessary to do the job. If your partner digs having her breasts heavily manipulated, your pants contain in their belts the raw material to turn her on.

Assuming your mate is at least willing to try, I suggest you start with the common necktie. Dig those skinny, outmoded numbers out of your wardrobe, and put them to work. See the illustrations for details. The main thing here is that while they look nasty, they are actually quite comfortable. They don't really trap the breasts. Manipulation, slapping, or violent movement will shake them free eventually. But, it is an easy way to start, and they make nice photos. If you are very lucky, your slave may have the right shaped breasts for complete encirclement.

### Bound Breast Discipline

When it comes to discipline, talk softly, master, and do *not* carry a big stick. Working over the buttocks and thighs will *not* give you practical experience in *safely* producing sex-pain from her breasts. Breasts are true glands and as such deserve your respect. Ass meat is perfect for heavy punishment—breast meat requires a more sophisticated treatment.

Firstly, the breast themselves have no musculature. They can't "tense up". Secondly, they contain an interesting fibrous mass directly attached to the nipple that can produce on demand the nutrients that give a human child its best chance for survival. This wonder was evolved from the sweat gland common to all mammals. The gland, and its output device, the nipple, are unusually insensitive to pain. This makes a certain amount of sense when you consider the demands a suckling child makes upon them. (See "working on the nipples".) This chomping can literally go on for several years. In any case, you should understand that the valuable parts are relatively insensitive, but can be damaged by a heavy-handed clod. Your partner may not realize this as she, (naturally), isn't getting strong pain messages. However, the skin outside the nipple area is just as sensitive as anywhere else, and can be safely punished if you follow instructions.

You should have the breast, at least, restricted in its movements. You don't need heavy pressure or complete entrapment at the start, although this helps protect the milk gland. I suggest you start your discipline with a light paddle. Grasp the victim's nipple with your free hand and lift gently. This exposes more breast skin for contact, at the same time protecting the nipple area from inadvertant blows. Paddle the sides and bottom of this breast with short, light strokes. Pay particular attention to the coloration, it should come up an even rose color in a few minutes. It must not be an angry red—that comes much later. Move your paddle around. If you keep batting away at the same area you will get your "angry red" skin tone too quickly. This indicates that you have used the area up before you are ready for the finale. Another thing to look out for is forgetting how seriously you may be clamping and twisting that nipple as you beat the breast. You must be a considerate master, or you could lose your slave. Being a competent master is difficult enough, but if you forget to consider your partner as you learn, your cometence will be ill-won and you will be the eventual loser. "Warm up" one breast at a time unless you intend different treatments for both.

### Afterthoughts

As a practical matter, I insist my wife move her bowels and empty her bladder before being bound. She knows from sad experience that "I have to go to the bathroom" will not release her. I fell for this a few times early in the game. The excuse stopped when she claimed the need and I "tested" her. I took one of those six inch across inflated plastic play balls and laid it in her lap. With an old piece of bed sheet I took a single wrap about her waist, trapping the ball and forcing it into her diaphram. A few more wraps spaced at five minutes intervals increased the pressure on her bladder to the point where she had to urinate. After the "test", I agreed that she was right, but not presently in need, and left her swimming in her own urine as I continued my manipulations. (Note the vinyl cover on our present chair.) Clearing the bowels prior to bondage implies to your slave that something interesting may happen to that sheath of flesh later.

If you are into allowing your slave to service you orally to obtain a "discipline break", this loose, seated position has obvious advantages. However, different strokes is the name of any human game, (or should be), and what is mutually satisfying is what should be done.

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## PRIVATE

(Continued from page 53)

bouyed by Rob's offer to live with her back in the States. "I spent a bit of time making 8 mm sex films for Harrison Marks . . . all, of course, under an assumed name. Then I did some straight acting, cameo roles in the TV series, *The Persuaders*." Did she ever mention those pages in *Private*? Jeannette lances a look of icy British contempt across the room. "What*ever* for?"

Now she is a very hot property in the moist depths of New York sleaze, and reveling in the role. It's okay to be a *Private* puss in the Big Apple, where so many have done so much worse for so much less. "Rob was right—a marvelous scene! No one like Milton at all. The directors treat you very well, not like a whore. I'm very popular, with my cute little English accent, but the main thing is we're all professional. The whole point is to turn out a *good film*."

Jeannette is an erotic opportunist. Jeannette is a serious actress who knows exactly where the rent money can be scored right now, which is off her saucy air of easily corruptible innocence. There are fucklets and sucklets running loose from Astoria to Cape May, but very few with her wide-eyed, fresh-faced gifts for surrender. "So what if I play an outrageous slut who runs out and flashes men? I look so sweet and pure . . ."

So they cast her as a virgin, a naive type trapped in an elevator accident, a giddy Goldie Hawn who winds up grabbing the nearest cock to save herself from falling. A gentle lambkin who winds up being raped by four handsomely appointed blacks. She views the process with a pragmatic equanimity coupled with a charming wistfulness, at her worst a cocksucker well-bred. "I've had to realize that sex films are the only work available. The actors I work with are excellent, highly qualified, and it freaks them out as well. We're in the same quandry . . . do you hold yourself aloof, or do you participate in the scene in any way that's open to you? We all need the bread. We all know we have no other choices. But when it comes right down to the hard-core as professionals, we get pissed."

Otherwise, life is very agreeable for the lovestruck Londoner. She works constantly, fleshing out the fantasies of Big Apple porn kings who couldn't care less about her dramatic school training but who are very careful to give her the type of respect due any sort of profit-making commodity. Did she have any complaints? Hassles? Any dirty gossip, even?

"Well, one thing is curious . . . the two types of chicks one meets in these films. There's the serious actress, like me. Then there's the others who get $150-$200; they're just there to fuck. They love it. I was really astonished . . . one famous blue-film actress, shan't mention any names . . . even after they yell 'cut!' on set, she'll sit there wanking herself off. I suppose if she wants to sit there playing with her pussy, that's cool . . . that's all she is. I think you can have the most erotic private sex life in the world. But, hold that aside, as an actress, it often sickens me that I have to pretend to be a whore.

"But things move on. Give it six months, when I've performed for every director under the sun, my photo's been in every magazine and no one wants me anymore . . . then I'll drift on to California, change my name, change my look and go right back into straight acting. It is rather a shame that you have to go through all this sex, just to get into the movies."

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## NO NAMES PLEASE!

(Continued from page 19)

of the big B.O. classics of our time.

This is a guy who even famous ladies and done-it-all starlets cream over. But the fact is that lately, all *he's* been creaming over is his own, very young daughter.

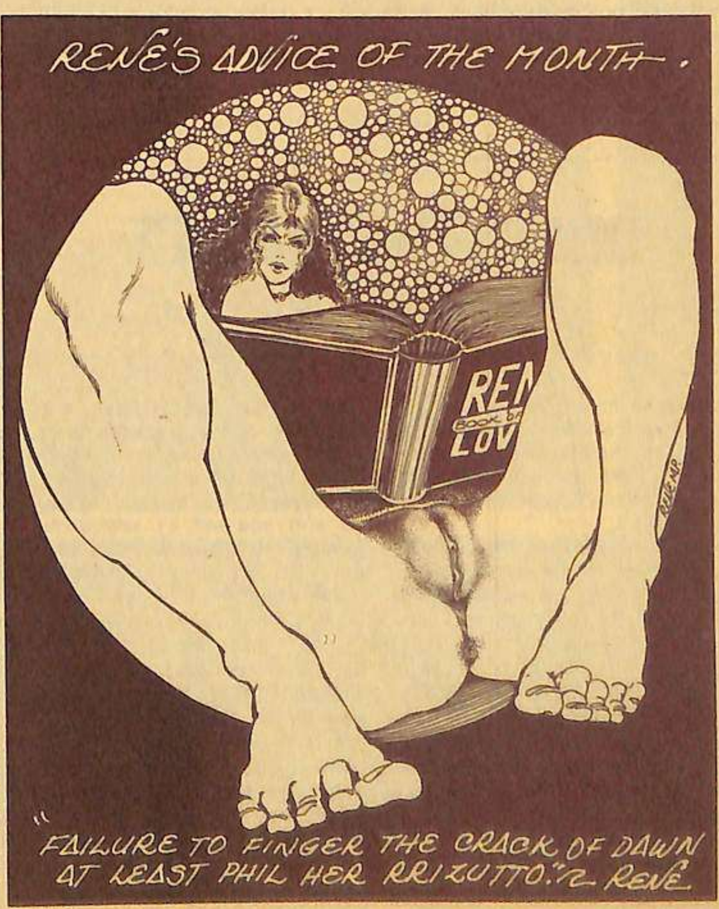
It started at one of those posh, degenerate Tinseltown bashes that nobody believes really happen. Ultra-Sex brought one of those big-titty foreign barracudas along—as well as his daughter, who's no stranger to the film crowd.

Well, toke followed snort followed sip and soon everybody in the crowd was bombs-away. Including Ultra-Sex's angelic offspring. Being old beyond her years, she thought nothing of allowing her spriglike bod to get passed from guy to guy (and an occasional girl)—as she caressed their bulging crotches and passionately tongue-kissed them.

Ultra-Sex, super-stoned, awoke from his stupor just long enough to catch a glimpse of his date and his daughter exchanging passionate kisses and squeezes. Now he's no stranger to threesome—but incest? The challenge to tumble off the edge of total degeneracy was too much for him. He jumped into the fleshpile and groped away.

The daughter, not knowing it was Popsy pressing the heart on her butt, reached around and carefully whacked him off to orgasm. Passionate affection and understanding followed.

Later, Pops got so turned-on watching his kid suck off about a dozen old mogul-types that he told his date to get lost and took the tyke home himself. What happened later that night is known only to them.


RENÉ'S ADVICE OF THE MONTH.
RENÉ
BOOK OF
LOV
RENÉ MP.
"FAILURE TO FINGER THE CRACK OF DAWN AT LEAST PHIL HER RRIZUTTO." — RENÉ

## KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 23)

house one recent evening. His concern is not in the circling, but that these fraternity brothers did it in the nude.

At Miller Hall, a women's scholarship hall, seven more nude K.U. men burst through the door, even more recently, which at least shows the K.U. students have a sense of equality and aren't limiting their nudity to the sorority sisters.

K.U. sounds like the ideal campus for horny females or prospective centerfolds.

University of Missouri (Columbia) students seem a little more modest, unfortunately. A women's dormitory there held a contest to name the man who looked best in a skimpy bathing suit.

Back to K.U., with all its beautiful nude men—there's one joker who motorcycles around nude (except for a ski mask), harrassing women. Oh yes, he, also, decorates the front of his bike with a rubber chicken.

Discotheques are as popular among college kids here in the midwest, as they are nationwide. Some fancy discos have been opening throughout the college towns in Kansas and Missouri, and their popularity is almost unanimous. Occasionally, the discos will add an extra touch, like sponsoring a "Man with the Hairiest Legs" contest.

Soap operas, at least that certain satirical one, are popular on campuses, too. One Kansas State senior says that it has become something of a ritual at her apartment house in Manhattan, Kansas, to huddle around the communal tube at 10:30 p.m. to watch the *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* cocktease-cocktease.

The craze is cutting into the 10:30 to 11:00 p.m. fucking and sucking here in Kansas City, too.

## THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 26)

for me. We are more like a family than a work force.

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I guess everyone has heard about the infamous L.A. "slave busts." That event occurred when a group of gay organizations held a Slave Auction to raise funds for their activities. Everything was strictly voluntary until the police stepped in and began making arrests. Then the involuntary S&M started. Cops practiced kinky little tricks like refusing to let the arrested men go to the bathroom when they had been drinking beer all night. One good thing about it all was that the people of Los Angeles showed unanimous disapproval for the police action. It made me proud to be a part of this city. The defendants were bailed out by H.E.L.P., a gay people's legal defense group. All but four of the defendants have had their charges dismissed.

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The L.A. branch of The Eulenspiegel Society is well on its way. I advertised in several papers, including the *L.A. Free Press* and the *L.A. Star*, and got about 50 letters in reply. We have had two meetings which were attended by about fifteen people, mostly in their twenties and thirties, mostly hetero. There was one woman there besides myself. Other women have expressed an interest, however, and may attend meetings in the future.

At the first meeting, we introduced ourselves and told a little about ourselves. At the second meeting, we discussed how to meet S&M partners. Many people had gone to professional B&D houses and felt they had been ripped off. One man told us about Skye Publishing which puts out literature directed towards women to propagate the ideal of female domination. He said he has met dominant women through the paper. Some men recommended going to straight functions, such as church socials and finding someone with hidden S&M tendencies to bring out. Some make contacts through friends. One man suggested that each man bring one old girlfriend to a meeting, and that we would each be able to meet everyone else's old girlfriend that way. I told them that I had met my best partners through Eulenspiegel.

We will continue to meet and exchange views and I will continue to do my thing and write about it. God knows what will happen next!

## DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 25)

responsibility on the family?

He is like a small incorrigible child. He must be watched like a hawk 24 hours a day. He needs help, love, and care. Who can do all this?

And while I'm on the subject, how come it's the men who are breaking up and the women who are left to take care of them . . . once again.

**WHEN BULLSHIT WALKS**

This is directed to those individuals who, not because of a burning interest in the life style, freedom of choice or human liberation, hustle for the "quick fuck": the pick-up and drop. You know who you are. You don't go to swing parties because you want to form an alliance with a member of the opposite sex for mutual growth and satisfaction. You go there for a quick, cold in-and-out. You pretend to kid us and yourself by espousing formerly socially-acceptable lines like "staying free," "avoiding major commitments," and other such bullshit.

Yes, I do know what it's like to go for months, even years, without sharing a true love experience with someone. It can drive you quite crazy. It can make you hate all women for not putting out what you so desperately need and it comes down to scrounging anywhere, anytime, for sex. Forget the person, forget everything: *I'm so goddam horny I could kill!* Yes, I do know the feeling. But I also know there's no way you'll ever satisfy it.

You wind up building your life style around it and sometimes create a macho-jock secret identity that vaguely resembles all the other macho-bullshit secret identities: I can see you now in your 240-Z with the tennis racket cleverly draped over the passenger seat; hair cut fashionably longish by Twenty Dollar Pierre of Westwood and all you'll ever hope to find is your own female equivalent who will turn out to have nothing in common with you, will stick you with the mortgage and three kids to pay for. You'll wind up with the typical American marriage if you're lucky.

You won't find her easily. You can be a group groupie, going from group to group, hitting up on all the women, and a few who are in the process of finding themselves and are here because swinging provides a safe space to let down the barriers. Most, however, won't have anything to do with you.

Quit trying to "impress the girls" and find out who you really are. Do that which you would do if you had no sexual lacks or longings? Do you even know who you really are? Have you literally become your fake identity? You'd better find out however you can. And if you find out that you really want to stay single, that you don't really like women well enough to form a close attachment with one, then be honest and come on that way. You won't be play-acting, you won't be fooling people, and consider this: Our population is such that no matter what your needs and desires are, there are women compatible with them. And the only way you'll find them is by being yourself, frequenting places that you like and doing what you like to do. Believe it or not women are human too, and one will find you and be just what you have been looking for.

Take care—I love you.

# THE ART OF NIPPY PHILLIPS

California's premiere pussy paparazzi talks about his life and times in Split Biz.

By ROBERT AMSEL

Juliette Mallano, 1974, Laguna Beach, Calif.

Photos by NIPPY PHILLIPS

In a world of Polaroid freaks and do-it-yourself candid cunt collectors there are men who actually make a living at clicking camera shutters to preserve pussy on film for posterity. These men—unlike the rest of us sex-hungry fools—spend their days in close contact with wide-open snatch and are well recompensed for the privilege.

Nippy Phillips is one of these lucky men whose business is his pleasure. While a serviceman in the mid-Fifties, he found himself progressing from troop show photojournalism

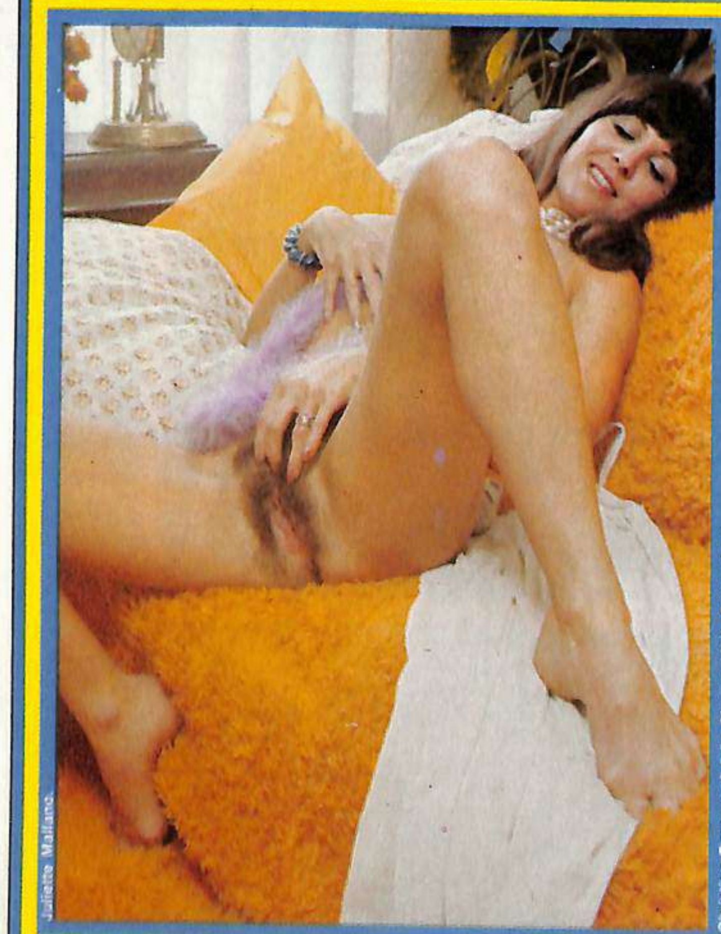
Outside of a few leading gynecologists, Nippy knows more about vaginas than any living American.

to burlesque house bawdiness. The place was Hawaii. Burlesque queens of the Beratania Follies needed their tits and asses immortalized on theatre marquees; Nippy, of course, found his niche in life.

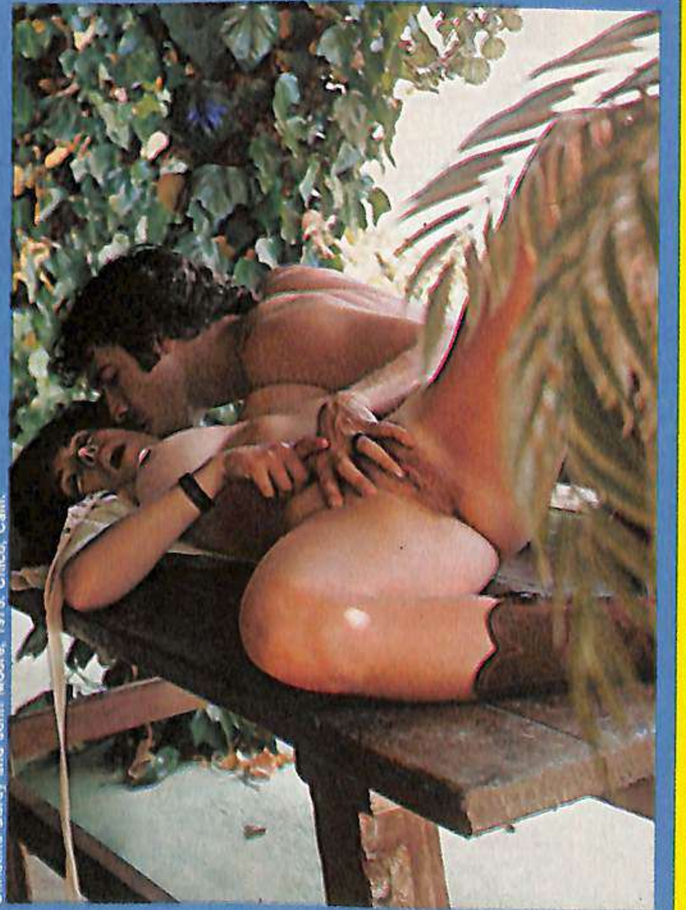
Back in hometown L.A.—the sun-drenched gate to casting-couch heaven—Nippy decided to go legit (or semi-legit) by resuming his art education, working for an art studio, and snapping snatches on the side. Six years later erotic photography changed from a side-dish to a full-course dinner. His new company was American Art Enterprises, an innocuous name for a nudie photo house. Ten years of girlie work convinced him to try the freelance route to fame. Now—a year and a half later—he is one of the foremost authorities on female anatomy (excluding gynecologists) in the country. He is also one of the most scintillating of the porn paparazzi to be unearthed since Miss Jones discovered the devil within.

His stylish photo sets have appeared in everything from *Playboy*, *Hustler*, and *Gallery* to the low-brow raunch rags printed on toilet tissue. But wherever his pictures are featured, Nippy's brand of sexual class oozes through the surrounding slime and art becomes triumphant.

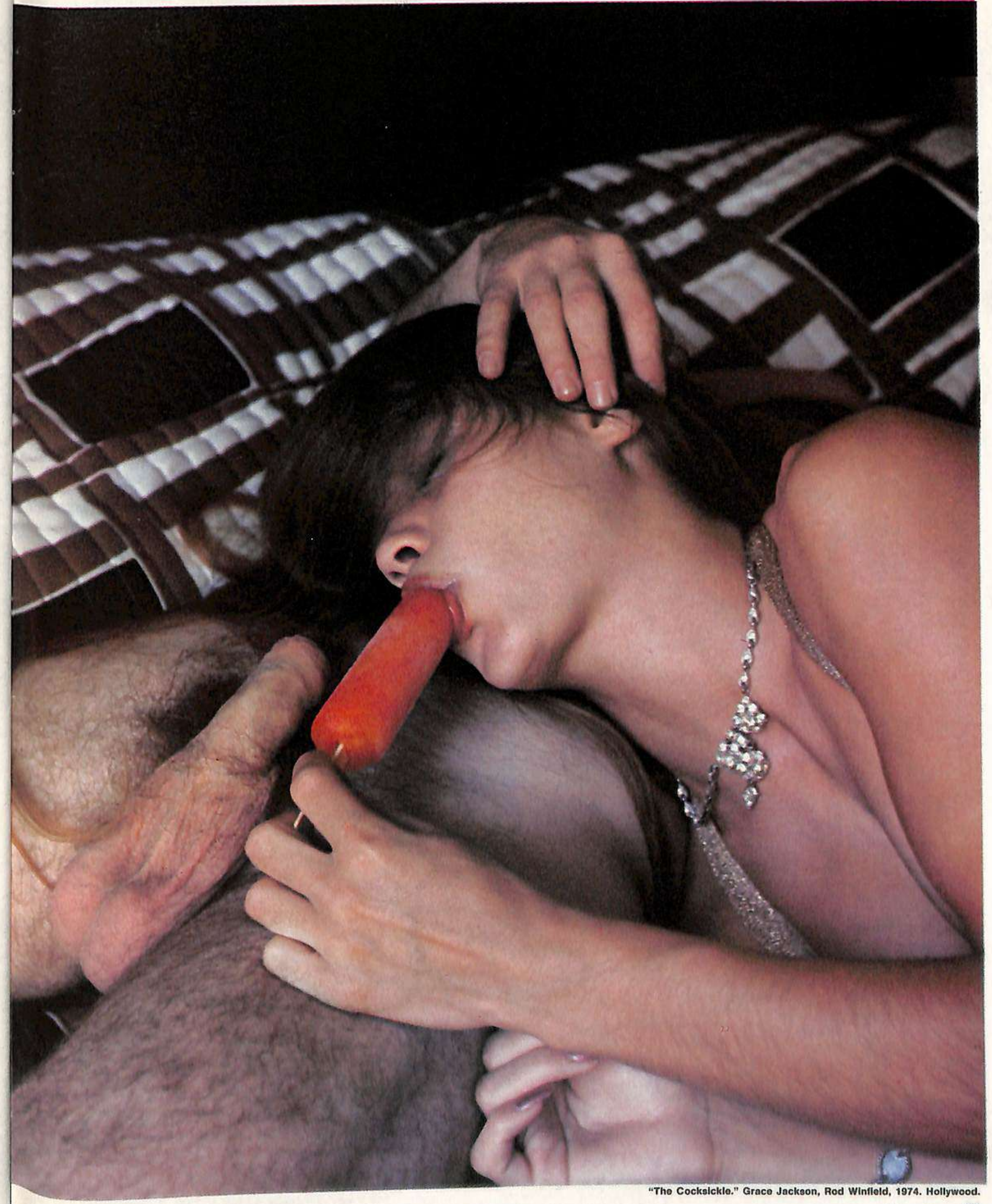
A decade of close contact with vaginal orifices has not (as envious admirers suspect) turned Nippy Phillips into a depraved sex fiend



Juliette Maliano.



Christine Darcy and John Moore, 1975. Chico, Calif.



"The Cocksickle." Grace Jackson, Rod Winfield, 1974. Hollywood.

Christine Darcy, 1975. Torrance, Calif.

or a lecherous, saliva-dripping loony. He remains a mild-mannered, gentle man with a wife, three kids, bills to pay, and the petty problems that inflict all middle-class city dwellers.

In the following interview Nippy reflects back on his life as a girlie photographer—from those long-ago, nostalgic days when he snapped pasties and clenched gams to the recent bush-shots and wide-open thighs. Where does he think the sex-mad, sex mag market is heading and will he still be up front at the finish line?

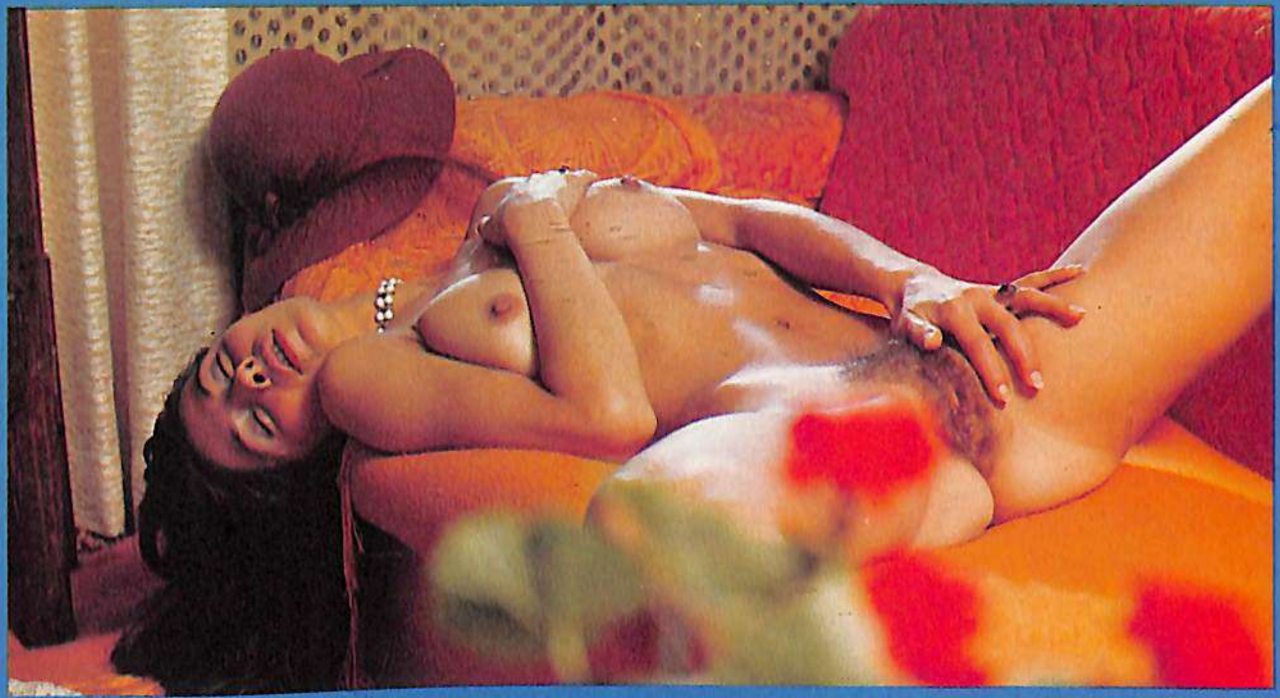
*Nippy, you have a fantastic flair for photographing cunt. Would you call yourself a cunt man as opposed to a tit or leg man?*

Not exactly. It's a case of supply and demand. If editors and publishers want cunt, then I shoot it.

*So you don't find close-ups of snatch sexually arousing?*

Not really. I think the overall girl is more appealing.

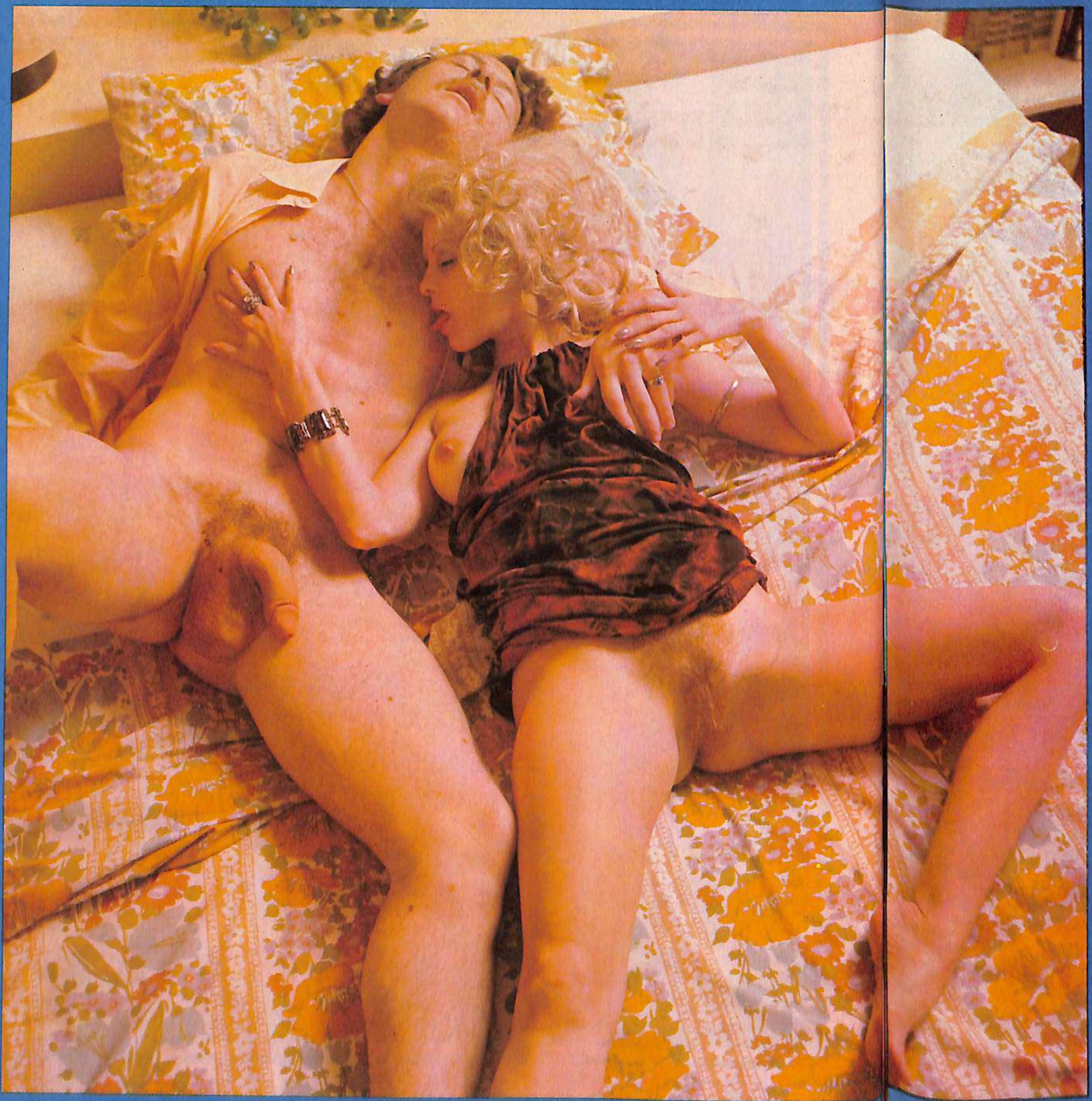
*What the hell. You*



Dennis Reynauld, Delphine Wedsen, 1974. Hollywood.

"In my photos, I try to 'build' aesthetically around the cunt."

Christine Darcy.



Bill Rogan, Sandy Carey, 1973. Windsore Lake, Ore.

Bill and Sandy.

"Do we exploit models? Hell, no. I think *they* exploit us!"

Juliette Mallano.

*still take the best spread shots in America. What's your secret?*

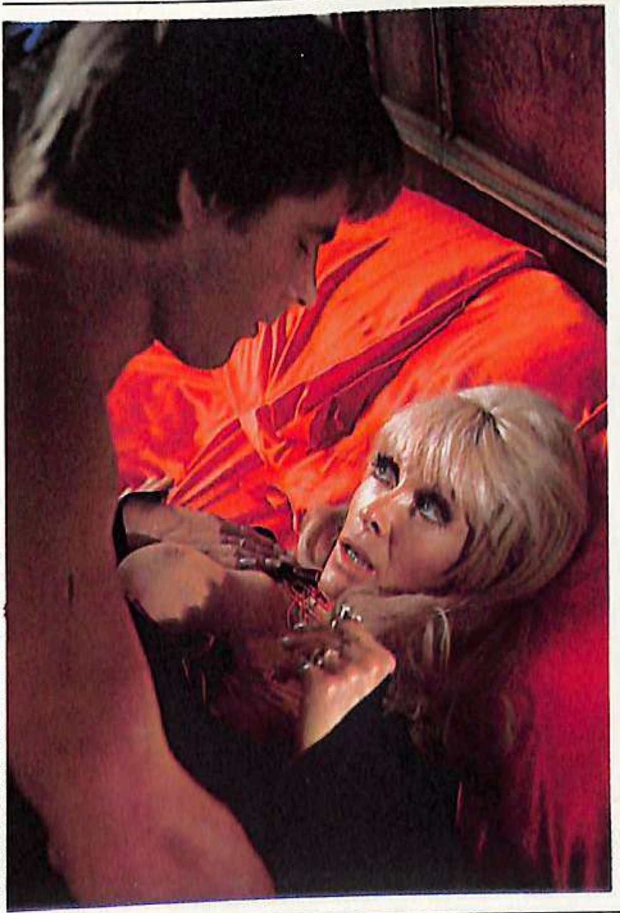
Gee, I don't know. I guess I try to build around the cunt—I mean as far as body positioning. In other words the main point of focus is the cunt, but I try to properly pose the head, arms, legs and torso as well. You could call it decorating the cunt. You see, one has to pick the proper angles to display a girl, so that you're not stuck with grotesque hands or over-large feet coming into the camera. In addition

(Continued on page 90)

Peri Filene, 1973. San Francisco.

# THE RETURN OF "ILSA"

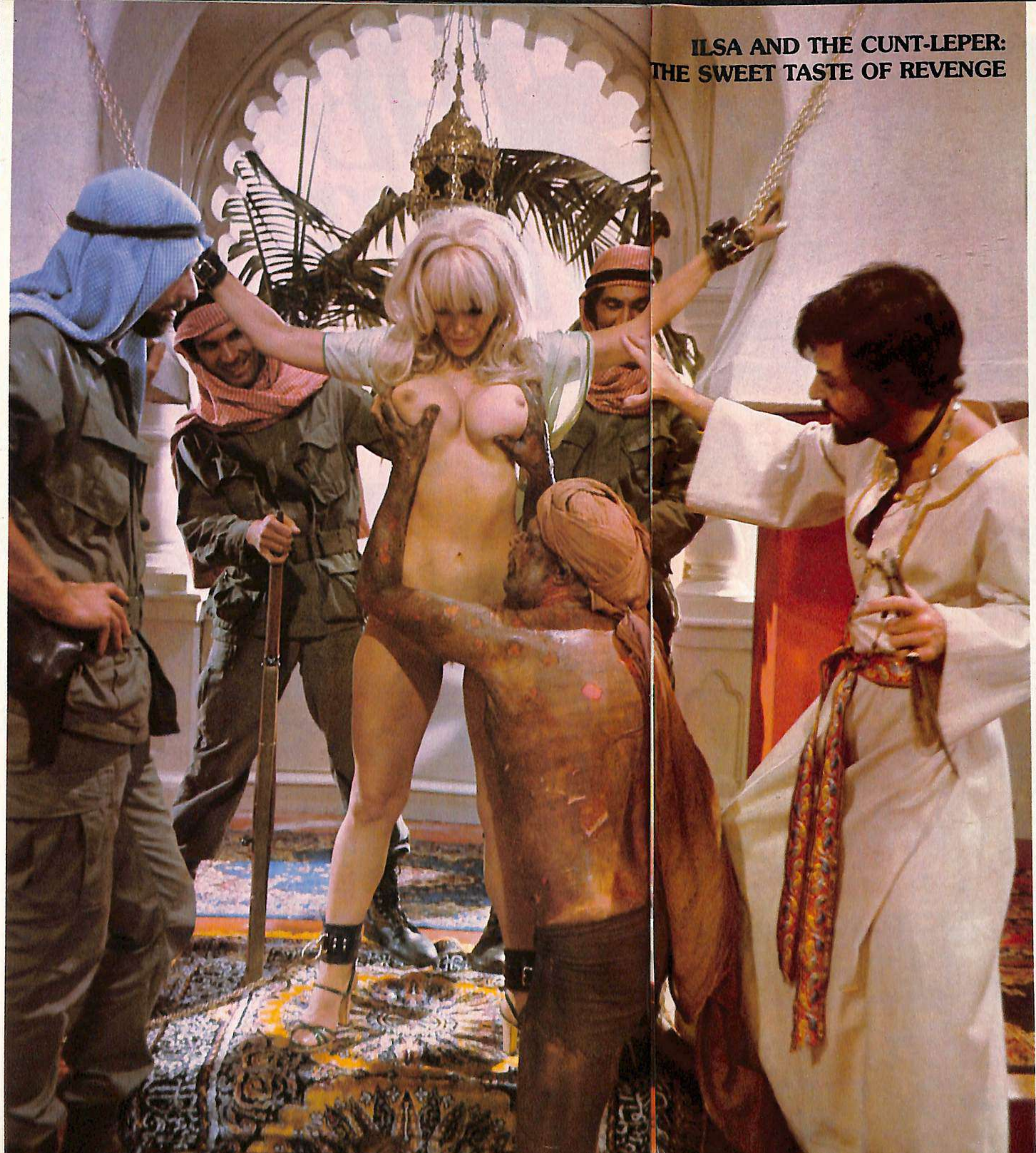
IN "SHE-WOLF OF THE S.S", SADO SUPERSTAR DYANNE THORNE INVENTED "ILSA", THAT BLOODTHIRSTY, CARNALLY CHARISMATIC PAIN QUEEN. NOW, IN AN EQUALLY GORE-DRENCHED SEQUEL, "ILSA" IS RE-BORN. "HAREM-KEEPER OF THE OIL SHIEKS" GIVES THE FLAXEN-HAIRED FLAGELLATRIX BOLD NEW VISTAS IN BLOOD AND BONDAGE WITH OBVIOUSLY TOPICAL OVERTONES.



PHOTOS BY JOEL SUSSMAN

As the vicious concentration camp doktor in "Ilsa: She-Wolf of the S.S.," actress Dyanne Thorne found herself blown to bosomy bits at the end of the script. But packed houses are a marvelous remedy for death. In her latest hemocolor sextravaganza, the magnificently-assembled B&D bombshell is resurrected as a white-slaving whippersnapper for a petro pasha named El Sharif. Ilsa's job is to keep the caliph up to his turban in cunt. Pacified cunt. Compliant cunt. And, as we all know, Ilsa is an ingenious and indefatigable pacifier and compliance-maker. Anyhow, midway through the story, our jumbo-jugged jaegerette falls prey to the talented tool of an American diplomat. For this weakness, she herself is doomed to the randiest of all punishments: she must submit to the enthusiastic cunt-lapping, and, ultimately, the leprous lance of the town begger, viz. the accompanying photographs.

# ILSA AND THE CUNT-LEPER: THE SWEET TASTE OF REVENGE



# THE ART OF NIPPY PHILLIPS

(Continued from page 85)

to getting the girl in proportion, I have to be conscious of depth of field, lighting, etc. So I think in terms of getting a good picture first and a good cunt spread second.

*How do you get pussy to look so red—and so juicy?*

I don't know how they get to be red.

*Rouge?*

No. Maybe nature does it for me or I'm just lucky with the girls I get. As for juicy—I use baby oil primarily. When a girl puts a little baby oil on her snatch and the light hits it, it kind of glistens.

*Do you have a special method for getting a girl's cunt to be so wide open?*

It's difficult to say. I've seen cunts dilate right in front of me. Maybe it's due to posing a long time with the legs open, just a normal body reaction.

*Or maybe the girls become sexually aroused.*

I don't think that's it, but it's true that some girls dilate and some don't.

*How do you feel about the new trend towards pink shots?*

It doesn't really appeal to me personally.

*Do you have problems nowadays getting girls to expose their insides?*

Some girls won't do it, some girls will. It's nothing I really explain to them before I start shooting. Let's say I hire a girl for a particular assignment that calls for wide open shots, and she won't go along with it. Then I switch course and do what's necessary to sell the set to another client. Many times, though, I hire girls who have worked for some other photographer and know already the type of material they'll pose for. When I hire a girl on someone else's say-so, I generally know if she'll spread her cunt open or she won't—or what she'll do in any given situation.

*How else do you get girls to model and how much are they paid?*

Through agencies primarily. And often through references from other girls or guys. As for pay, there are certain set rates—such as fifty dollars for a day's work. Occasionally more.

*Do the girls ever feel they're being exploited?*

No. In a sense I think *they* think they're exploiting us. Most of them are transients. Most of them are looking for a quick buck and they could care less where their pictures are being sent. Sure, there are some who are concerned where their pictures will be used. If they don't like the magazine, they won't pose. However, I think there are many women who just enjoy posing or looking good for a man. All those cosmetic sales and fashions must mean something. A man's the same way. He gets dressed up—or undressed—to look good for a woman. Each sex wants to turn the other sex on and I don't feel either is being exploited.

*Do you ever make friends with some of your models?*

Sure. A lot of these kids leave home and come to Hollywood with the big dream of becoming famous. They're lonely and they need someone they can talk to. They often tell me their problems and I try to help them if I can.

*Are there any ethics in regard to photographers fucking models?*

I have my own ethics, but basically I think everyone is an individual and is entitled to do his or her own thing. If a photographer wants to fuck his model and she wants to get fucked, that's their business. As for me personally, I'm married with three kids. I have a fabulous thing going and I wouldn't want to lose it for the world. So I regard my work as strictly business.

*With all those beautiful girls spreading their legs for you—in a business — doesn't your wife ever get jealous?*

No, I don't think so. At least we've never really discussed it. My wife even helps me as far as getting props or setting up the background. And I've never had complaints from models claiming I attacked them or anything like that. There've never been any phone calls at night that would upset her. She knows it's a way of making a living for me—and she regards it the same way. But basically, I don't think she's jealous because I don't give her any reason to be.

*And what do your kids think about your work?*

We've never really talked about it, but I think they've been around it so long, they're well adjusted. When I shoot at home they meet a lot of the models and they could care less as far as the nudity aspect of it. The human body is not a dirty thing and I don't want my kids to think it is. The funny thing is that they've looked at some of the magazines and have seen some of the models, but they prefer to go out and play basketball.

*You've shot a lot of sets with men and women together. How do you relax the models so they can work naturally with one another?*

Just by talking them primarily. And being nice to them. The important thing for me is to build up their confidence so that they know that what they're going to do is going to look good. I've worked with guys and gals who have really hated each other off the set, but out of respect for me they've done fine jobs.

*Are you allowed to show hardons in guy-gal sets?*

For some of the magazines sold in adult book stores erections are necessary. The publishers like them—although at one time they didn't. This time a year ago I didn't shoot erections, but now—if it's there—I shoot it. If the client specifically wants a hard-on I'll wait. . . .

*And hope. And pray.*

Yes. A lot of times it happens naturally but a lot of times it doesn't. Then there are a lot of times that the client doesn't want an erection and I have to hide it.

*Good luck! What about photographing insertions?*

No, I won't shoot any type of insertions.

*How close can a mouth be to a cunt or cock?*

As close as possible without there being any visual insertion. I can't show a tongue being inserted into a vagina or a tongue licking a cock.

*Can you show a girl's hand fondling a guy's prick?*

Yes, she can touch it or hold it. I doesn't really matter as long as she's not putting it in her mouth. Or elsewhere.

*Has it ever happened that a guy and gal really hit it off and started fucking during the photo session?*

Yes.

*Did you shoot it?*

I very discretely left the room and waited until they were finished.

*If the publisher of a magazine felt he could get away with showing hardcore material, would you shoot it for him?*

I won't shoot anything that goes against Supreme Court decisions or the way laws are written.

*Assuming you can figure out the laws. But if you did photograph something hardcore and the magazine it appeared in got busted, would you be held liable?*

Damn right. I would be just as liable as the magazine.

*In what way?*

For one thing—as a photographer I'm telling my models what to do. Therefore I could be arrested as a procuror or pimp. There's also a clause about "aiding and abetting" or whatever they call it. Oh, there are numerous things I could be busted for.

*What do you think will be the last frontier in regard to erotic photographs for newsstand distribution?*

That, I think, depends upon the Supreme Court. I have no idea what they'll do, but I think that hardcore will never be legal. So I have to go by my own interpretation of how far to go.

*Well, one recent development involves shooting finger inserts.*

I've heard.

*What's the kinkiest assignment you've ever had?*

I've done some bondage—very light. I know very little about it. As for really kinky stuff—I might try shooting it for experimentation rather than for anything else. I've never shot clothespins on the nipples and things like that. One time I saw this guy with an earring through the head of his prick. I didn't photograph him—but to me, that would be fairly kinky if I did.

*When a particular publisher or editor sets severe limitations on how much you are allowed to show sexually, how do you manage to shoot the set and still be erotic?*

At one time—way, way back—I was shooting sets in which the girls had to wear pasties. For about four years I wasn't allowed to show any pubic hair. But for a photographer, the same principles still apply. If I am able to put a girl in a dress, close her legs and still make her look appealing, then I can be just as successful by taking off the dress and opening her legs. When I look through the lenses I simply ask myself, "Do I have a pretty good picture here?" If the girl is posed right, if the background is right, if the facial expressions are right, then I shoot it.

*In some of your work you use certain props to heighten sexual interest. I recall one set in which you had a girl sucking on a popsicle while her head was a few inches away from a man's dick. In another set you had a man sipping wine a few inches away from a wide-open cunt.*

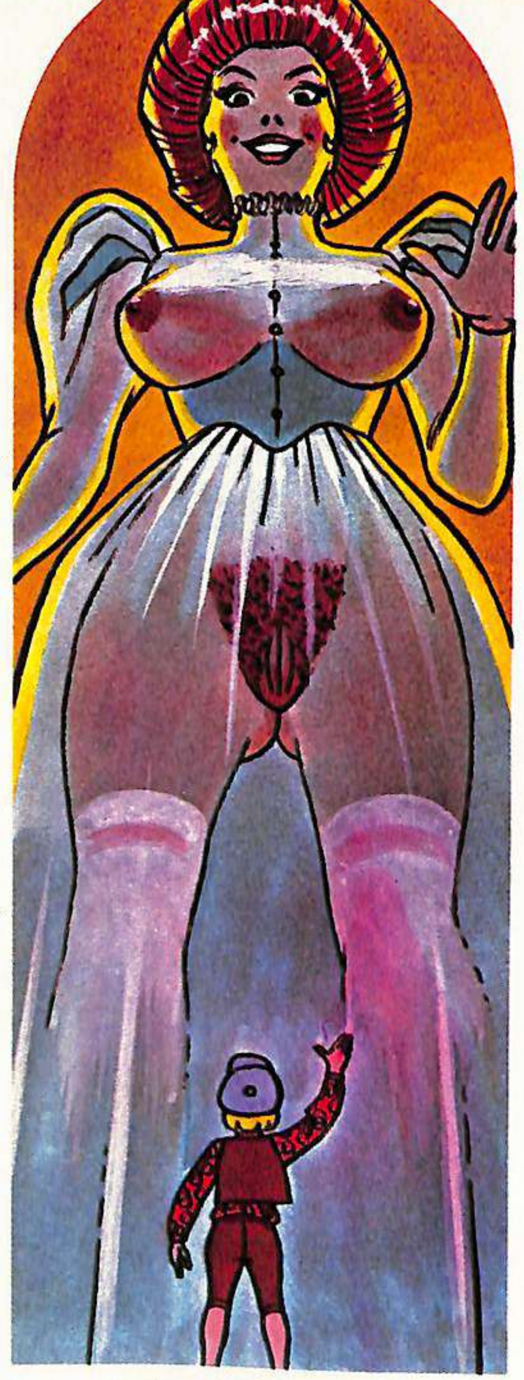
It's basic research. Maybe I'll be thumbing through a copy of *Mademoiselle* and see a picture I like, at least as far as the prop situation goes. So I either make a mental note of it or write it down for future reference. I have a folder for that purpose, and when I need a gimmick, I go through it. When I use a prop—let's say two people drinking champagne—I try to set up a background that corresponds to it. I want the setting to be authentic looking, as though I were playing the part of an art director. People looking at the

(Continued on page 94)

"HELLO, TAXIDERMIST ...?"

# FAIRY TALES YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU!

***THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF GOLDILOCKS, CINDERELLA AND JACK AND THE BEANSTALK —FULLY ILLUSTRATED!***



*If you're nostalgic for the innocent days of childhood, if you yearn for those happy hours spent listening to fairy tales in the nursery—***THEN THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR YOU! A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES** *contains absolutely nothing you ever heard at your mother's knee—unless your mother was Xaviera Hollander.*

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*The heroines are soft, moist and highly desirable; the heroes are strong and willing; the giants are . . . well,* **GIGANTIC** *. . . and the result is either the funniest dirty book or the dirtiest funny book you've ever read!*

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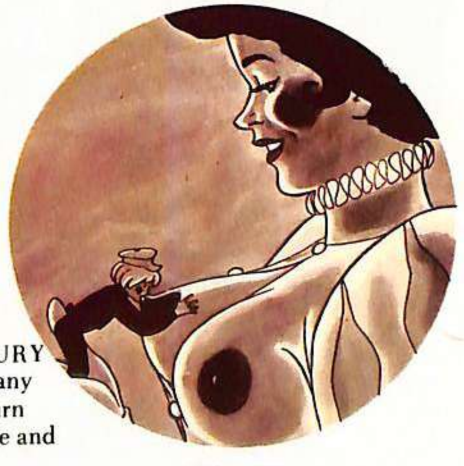

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# UP AND CUMMING

*Great American Glory Holes:* from bus station johns in the Southwest to the officer's head at a New England military installation. . . . *The Ballad of Babymilk:* A barn, a breast-feeding blonde, and a thirsty farmhand team up in a brain-boggling bucolic pictorial. . . . *Midnight Cowgirl:* Liz Dean's monthly column on the Houston scene. . . . Corpse-fuckers, fist-fuckers, child-suckers, and the return of Honeysuckle Divine!

**GLORY HOLES**

**A REMINDER: IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER OUR $1000 BLOW-JOB CONTEST (see Issue #1). YOU CAN NOMINATE THE BEST COCKSUCKER IN AMERICA OR WIN A DINNER DATE WITH HER. WRITE US FOR RULES AND ENTRY BLANK.**

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**CHERI DIALOGUE: JODY & MARGO**

Ideas fly and the Establishment gets the worst of it as our cocksucking columnist meets St. Joan of the lamppost, COYOTE's Margo St. John.

**THIS IS ME: ANN LOGAN**

**S. SHAVES**

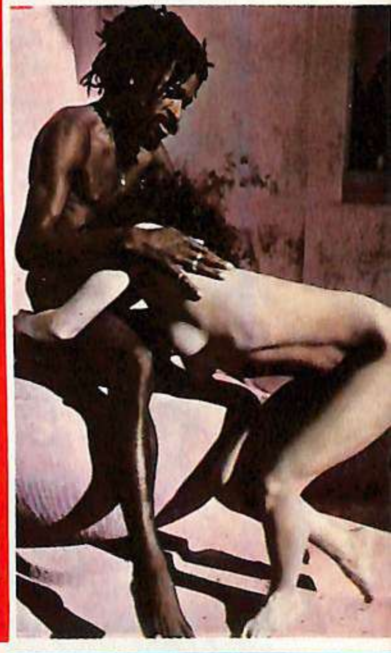
**MORE ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES**

**CAMILLA'S COUCH**

Meet the queen of the fetish fantasists, a flesh-and-blood Venus who specializes in kinky sex.

**RASTA RAPTURE**

Rough trade with a reggae beat.



**BEAVERSHOOT**

A tenacious voyeur and a fuzz-flashing feline engage in a quick snark in the park.

**NEW SHOES**

**WHO IS RAND HOLMES?**

The most-elaborate profile A penetrating profile of the underground's publicity-shirking mystery man.

THANK CHRIST FOR SINKS

## THE ART OF NIPPY PHILLIPS

(Continued from page 90)

finished product should believe the setting is realistic.

*Do you ever have problems lighting cunt?*

When you live in Southern California you seldom have problems as far as natural lighting goes. But then, lighting is never a problem. I simply work according to the specifications of a client. If my client wants a cunt fully lit up, I know how to do it. If he wants a girl in half-shadow or shade, I know how to do that too. The only problem I have is finding the right people for the right job.

*Do you have any aesthetic or philosophic views of photography?*

My philosophy is simply trying to do the best job with what I have to work with. I must consider the model, the background, the props and decorations. If a girl has a flaw on her body, I try to hide it. It's strictly a matter of research, of knowing what I want to put on film the best way I can.

*When you photograph models in various settings with various props, are you trying to live out your own erotic fantasies?*

I don't think so. To tell you the truth I've never thought much about it. Photography to me is a gift, something I enjoy doing. And since I enjoy taking pictures, it doesn't matter to me whether I'm shooting a wide-open cunt or a commercial product.

*If you had your choice of another profession, what would it be?*

Non-commercial art. Something I've done before. In fact, my art training has been very helpful to me in terms of photography. But the point is that I enjoy handling a camera and I've found that I have a flair for girls. I know that I can always make a living at it, making money, surviving.

## 5000 BLOW JOBS LATER

(Continued from page 56)

test. I love a prick because it is just that—a prick—and I want it as much as anything in this world, including wealth."

In a strange sense, Marcie considers her sexual escapades to be a form of missionary work. "I give peace, understanding and pure relaxation to the world. You only have to ask for my services," she shyly admits, fluttering her long eye lashes.

For her *services* Marcie *never* charges a fee. "Then I'd be a prostitute," she points out. "And I never want to be known as a hooker. Sure, I'll take contributions—if they're offered, but I'll never solicit for money. But, if some guy wants to contribute to the cause . . ." The cause she refers to is her career. Since the age of four, Marcie has been an accomplished pianist and vocalist. Getting the proper agent, manager and wardrobe is another story, one which brings grief and depression to the entertainment hopeful. So, to keep alive in her industry, Marcie peddles jewelry on the street and faces the ever-constant harrassment of police officers on the beat who chase her and pimps who are on the prowl for new members to add to their revolving-door style stables.

Then, there are the other nocturnal dangers, as Marcie recalls: "I was in Manhattan. It was late and I was walking to the subway when a guy in a flashy new car pulled over to the curb and said in a pleasant voice—'Wanna lift home, baby?' I had two drinks in me, which is more than I ever have at one time. I said 'yes,' and he proceeded fo drive me home—to his home! As soon as I got there, I konked out. In the morning, the pleasant-voices guy wasn't so pleasant anymore. He threatened to cut me up . . . unless I made love to him and five of his friends. No, they were gentlemen and there was no way I could have talked my way out of that situation. So, I sucked them all off—all five of them. The leader—the guy who picked me up—wanted to shove his penis in my cunt. I explained the story to him, at least five times before he grudgingly believed me that he should accept the suck and not the fuck. Apparently, he gave the word to his five friends because they didn't hassle me for the screw."

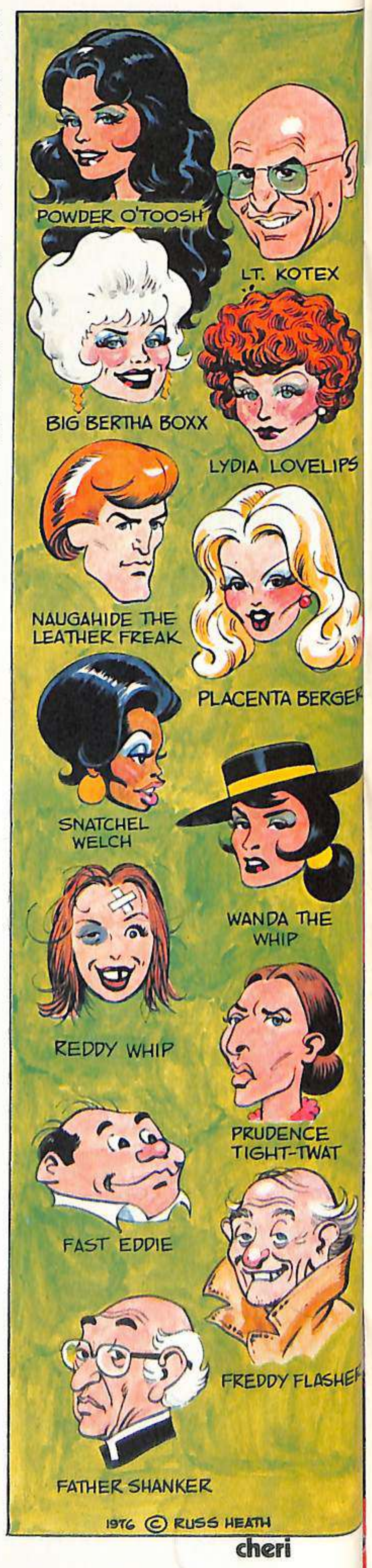
Modeling is another method Marcie employs to supplement her income. But at the time she broke into the profession, she was extremely naive. "On my first interview in the garment center for a fashion model, this good-looking guy closed his office door and asked me to suck him," Marcie remembers. "When he asked me to suck him, I really didn't know what to do—he had to show me. Then, he came and I cried, 'Why are you crying?' he said. 'Because I'm going to get pregnant,' I sobbed. 'No, silly. It won't happen that way,' he explained. It was then that I started enjoying it . . . and never really stopped."

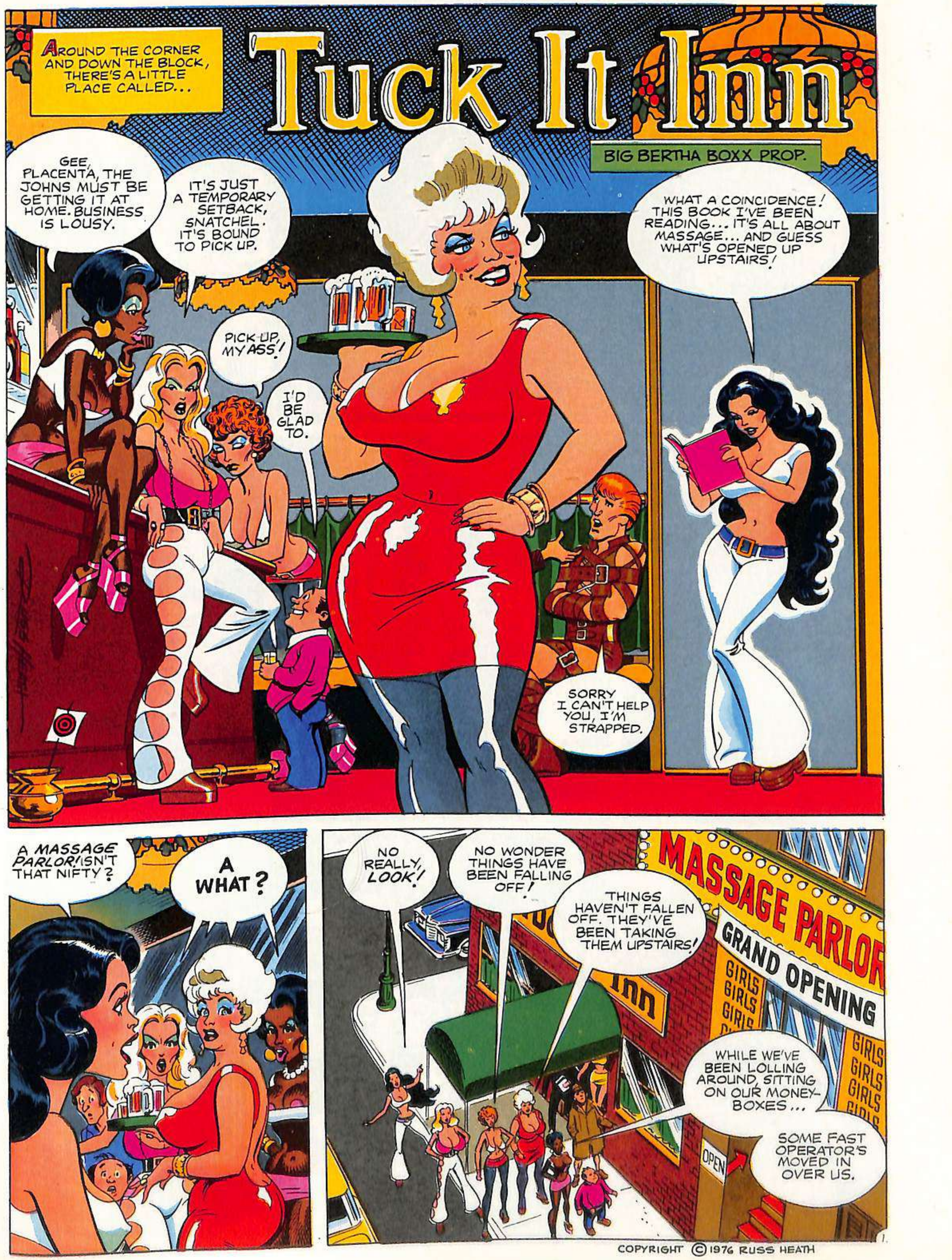
Marcie also never stopped pursuing her dream of becoming a movie star. In short measure, she has attained a note of respectability and professional standing in the X-Rated pornographic film community. For in February of this year, Marcie appeared in the Trans World Attractions Corporation production of *Patty*, a major motion picture inspired by the Patty Hearst kidnapping.

The five-foot, five-inch princess of perversions has sucked men from all walks of life: presidents of large corporations, leadiong psychiatrists, movie producers and directors, cops, salesmen, doctors, lawyers and even some underworld chiefs. "And sometimes they're so excited they come into their pants before they can whip it out of their zippers. What a waste of semen. What a waste," she pouts, licking her lips in anticipation of a date she is to meet later in the evening, after the interview.

Oddly enough, Marcie sees herself in the same insecure boat —*helpless*. "No one man can ever make me feel secure. That's why I keep moving around so often," she confesses. "Well, maybe I just haven't met the right guy yet. Maybe that's the answer." In the meantime, she'll be on the prowl for a new diet of dicks, a constant unending supply of that commodity she holds to be so precious—to be sucked off. In short, Marcie Lynn Schulsinger is a perennial Peter Pan in search of peters to be sucked.

Marcie Lynn Sulsinger is for real. She's probably got another 20,000 blowjobs left in her. One of them could be you. Or me. When and if it happens, please, please be a gentleman about it. For chances are—99 out of 100 —that you're in for the Ultimate Zipless Suck. •


POWDER O'TOOSH
LT. KOTEX
BIG BERTHA BOXX
LYDIA LOVELIPS
NAUGAHIDE THE LEATHER FREAK
PLACENTA BERGER
SNATCHEL WELCH
WANDA THE WHIP
REDDY WHIP
PRUDENCE TIGHT-TWAT
FAST EDDIE
FREDDY FLASHER
FATHER SHANKER
1976 © RUSS HEATH


AROUND THE CORNER AND DOWN THE BLOCK, THERE'S A LITTLE PLACE CALLED...
Tuck It Inn
BIG BERTHA BOXX PROP.
GEE, PLACENTA, THE JOHNS MUST BE GETTING IT AT HOME. BUSINESS IS LOUSY.
IT'S JUST A TEMPORARY SETBACK, SNATCHEL. IT'S BOUND TO PICK UP.
WHAT A COINCIDENCE! THIS BOOK I'VE BEEN READING... IT'S ALL ABOUT MASSAGE... AND GUESS WHAT'S OPENED UP UPSTAIRS!
PICK UP, MY ASS!
I'D BE GLAD TO.
SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU, I'M STRAPPED.
A MASSAGE PARLOR! ISN'T THAT NIFTY?
A WHAT?
NO REALLY, LOOK!
NO WONDER THINGS HAVE BEEN FALLING OFF!
THINGS HAVEN'T FALLEN OFF. THEY'VE BEEN TAKING THEM UPSTAIRS!
MASSAGE PARLOR
GRAND OPENING
GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS
Inn
OPEN
WHILE WE'VE BEEN LOLLING AROUND, SITTING ON OUR MONEY-BOXES...
SOME FAST OPERATOR'S MOVED IN OVER US.
1.

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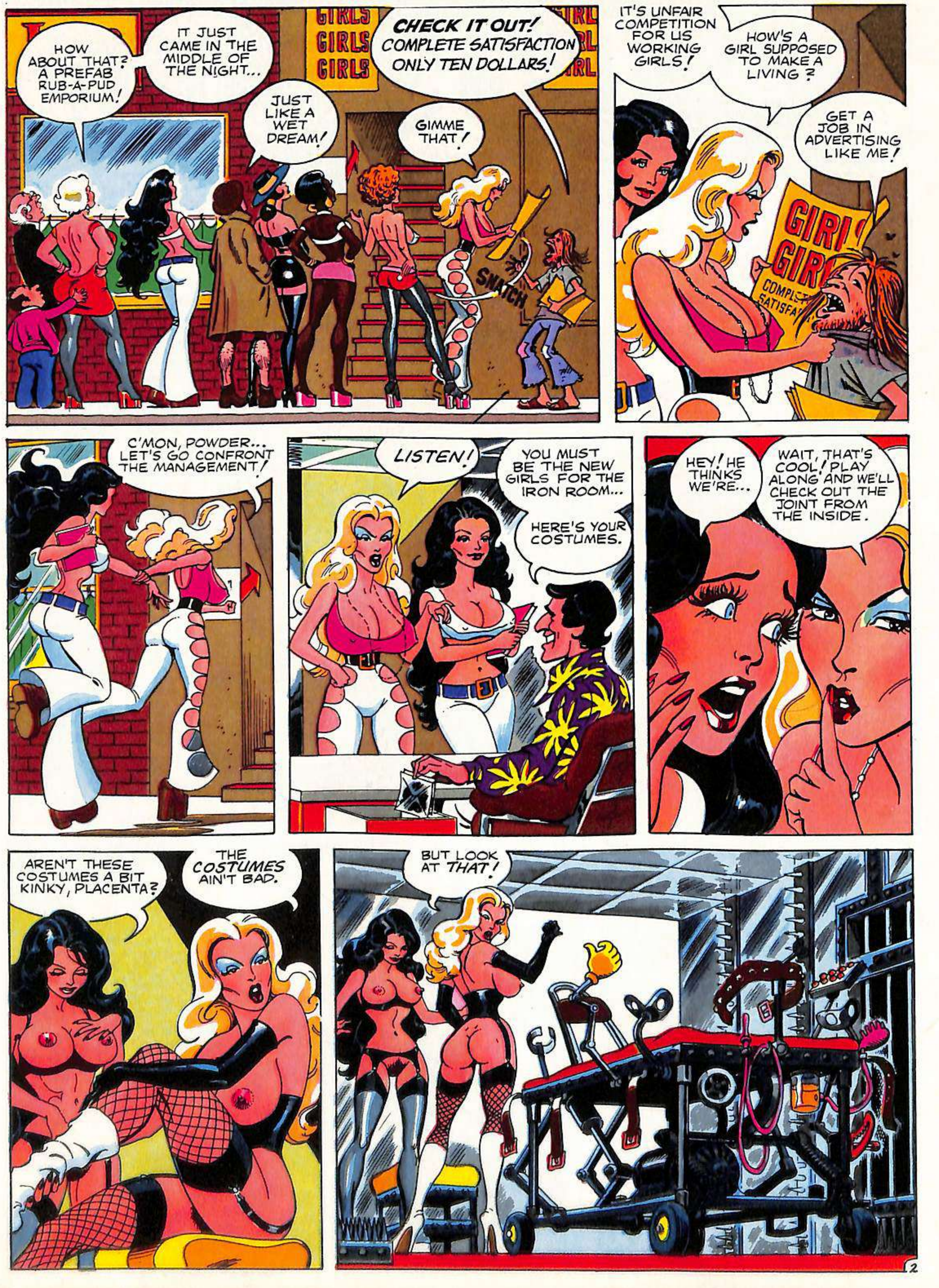
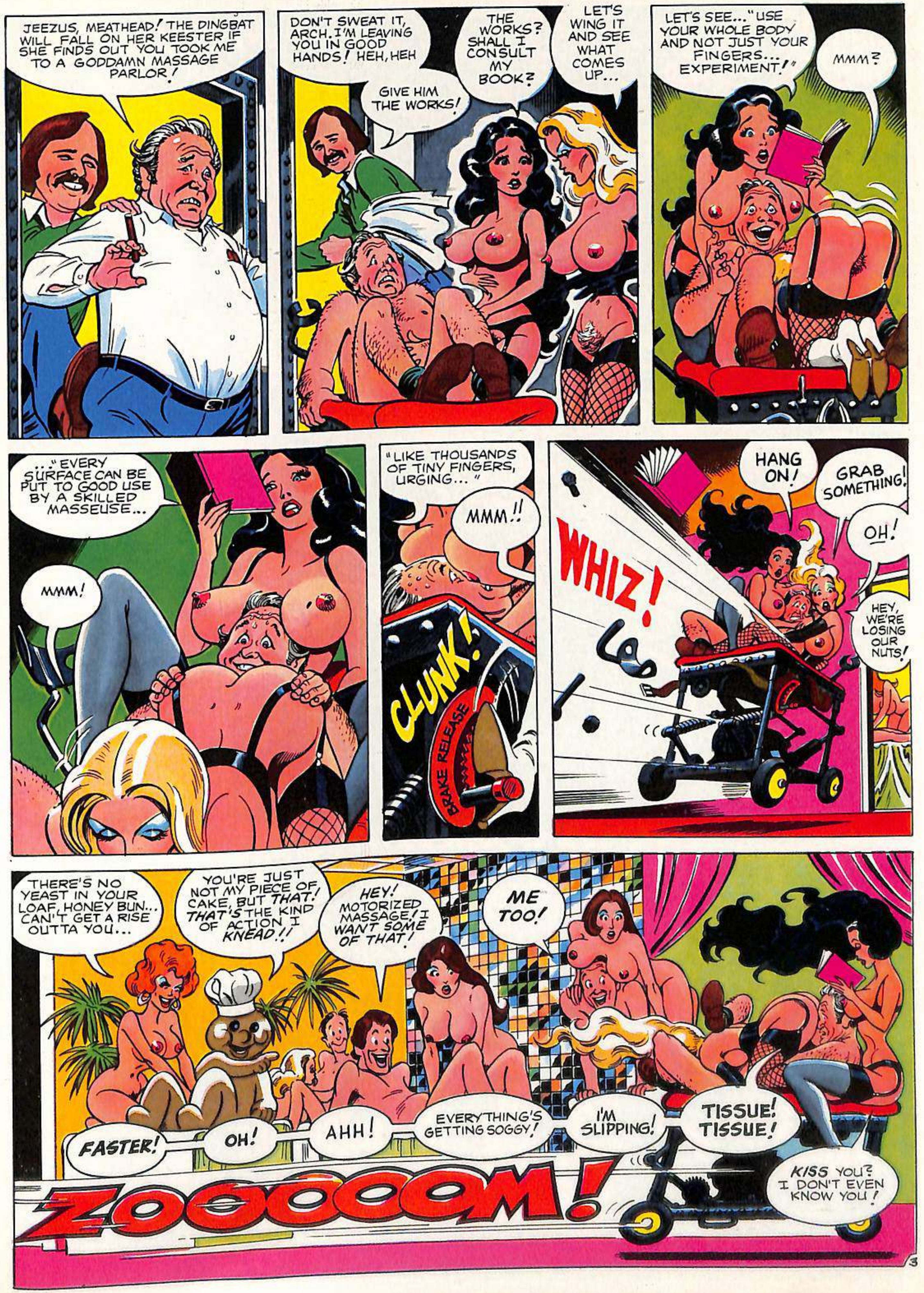
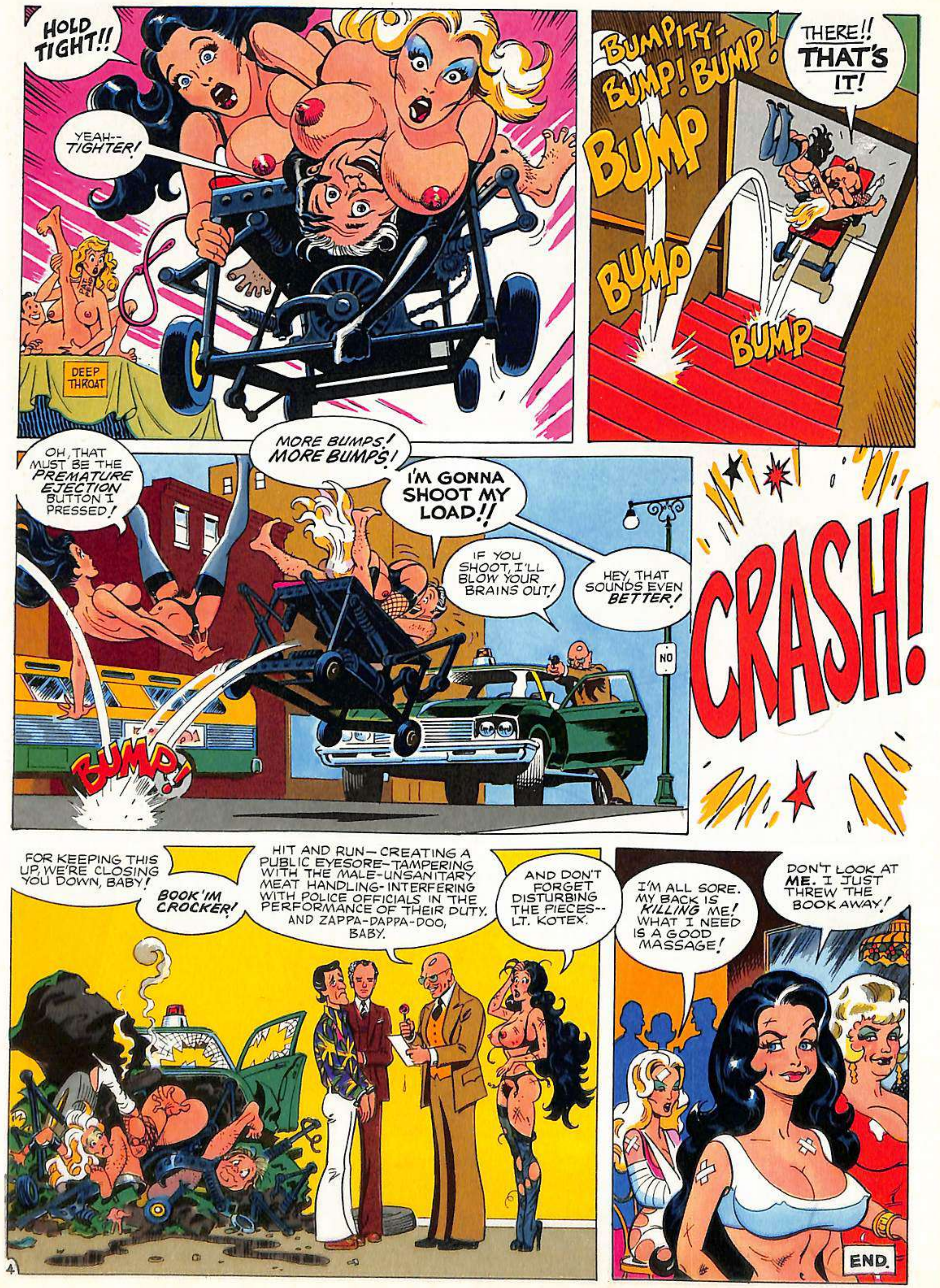

HOW ABOUT THAT? A PREFAB RUB-A-PUD EMPORIUM!
IT JUST CAME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
JUST LIKE A WET DREAM!
CHECK IT OUT! COMPLETE SATISFACTION ONLY TEN DOLLARS!
GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS
GIMME THAT!
SNATCH
IT'S UNFAIR COMPETITION FOR US WORKING GIRLS!
HOW'S A GIRL SUPPOSED TO MAKE A LIVING?
GET A JOB IN ADVERTISING LIKE ME!
GIRLS GIRLS COMPLETE SATISFA
C'MON, POWDER... LET'S GO CONFRONT THE MANAGEMENT!
LISTEN!
YOU MUST BE THE NEW GIRLS FOR THE IRON ROOM...
HERE'S YOUR COSTUMES.
HEY! HE THINKS WE'RE...
WAIT, THAT'S COOL! PLAY ALONG AND WE'LL CHECK OUT THE JOINT FROM THE INSIDE.
AREN'T THESE COSTUMES A BIT KINKY, PLACENTA?
THE COSTUMES AIN'T BAD.
BUT LOOK AT THAT!


JEEZUS, MEATHEAD! THE DINGBAT WILL FALL ON HER KEESTER IF SHE FINDS OUT YOU TOOK ME TO A GODDAMN MASSAGE PARLOR!
DON'T SWEAT IT, ARCH, I'M LEAVING YOU IN GOOD HANDS! HEH, HEH
GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
THE WORKS? SHALL I CONSULT MY BOOK?
LET'S WING IT AND SEE WHAT COMES UP...
LET'S SEE..."USE YOUR WHOLE BODY AND NOT JUST YOUR FINGERS... EXPERIMENT!"
MMM?
..."EVERY SURFACE CAN BE PUT TO GOOD USE BY A SKILLED MASSEUSE...
MMM!
"LIKE THOUSANDS OF TINY FINGERS, URGING..."
MMM!!
CLUNK!
BRAKE RELEASE
WHIZ!
HANG ON!
GRAB SOMETHING!
OH!
HEY, WE'RE LOSING OUR NUTS!
THERE'S NO YEAST IN YOUR LOAF, HONEY BUN... CAN'T GET A RISE OUTTA YOU...
YOU'RE JUST NOT MY PIECE OF CAKE, BUT THAT! THAT'S THE KIND OF ACTION I KNEAD!!
HEY! MOTORIZED MASSAGE, I WANT SOME OF THAT!
ME TOO!
FASTER!
OH!
AHH!
EVERYTHING'S GETTING SOGGY!
I'M SLIPPING!
TISSUE! TISSUE!
KISS YOU? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!
ZOOOOOM!


HOLD TIGHT!!
YEAH-- TIGHTER!
DEEP THROAT
BUMPITY-BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!
THERE!! THAT'S IT!
BUMP
BUMP
BUMP
OH, THAT MUST BE THE PREMATURE EJECTION BUTTON I PRESSED!
MORE BUMPS! MORE BUMPS!
I'M GONNA SHOOT MY LOAD!!
IF YOU SHOOT, I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
HEY, THAT SOUNDS EVEN BETTER!
NO
BUMP!
CRASH!
FOR KEEPING THIS UP, WE'RE CLOSING YOU DOWN, BABY!
BOOK 'IM CROCKER!
HIT AND RUN—CREATING A PUBLIC EYESORE—TAMPERING WITH THE MALE—UNSANITARY MEAT HANDLING—INTERFERING WITH POLICE OFFICIALS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR DUTY, AND ZAPPA-DAPPA-DOO, BABY.
AND DON'T FORGET DISTURBING THE PIECES-- LT. KOTEX.
I'M ALL SORE. MY BACK IS KILLING ME! WHAT I NEED IS A GOOD MASSAGE!
DON'T LOOK AT ME. I JUST THREW THE BOOK AWAY!
END.

ALL NEW

*The success of our first offering of the "Garter Girls" series prompted us to look for a series to match it. To our surprise, we outdid ourselves, finding SWEDISH EROTICA. We chose five, and they are better than anything we've seen yet! Each is 150 feet of the most beautiful participants, continuous action, cute plots and superior camerawork and color. And these are girls who really get into their work.* **cheri** *will personally guarantee these films are what we claim—if not, we will refund your money in full. If you liked "Garter Girls" you'll love SWEDISH EROTICA.*

*..20 PIER PASSION, I—starring the enormous John Holmes & friend. They find two horny girls on the beach. At the motel it's front and back door action leaving nothing to the imagination. Comment: Good quality, beautiful people. Two couples do it all!*

*..21 PIER PASSION, II—Long John is back—going one on one till he and she are limp but happy. All ends by John giving her a "golden shower." Comment: Great sex—shows all angles with no let-up in action. "Golden Shower" fans will love it even more.*

**cheri**
BRINGS YOU
CINESEX-
SWEDISH-STYLE

THE BEST YET

*..24 GOLDEN SHOWERS—Five frisky girls are graduating school with a party you wouldn't believe! When the straight sex is done, all show their proficiency at "golden showers."*
*Comment: If you like hands, tongues and dildoes going like crazy among five gorgeous women, not to mention endless "golden showers," you must see this one.*

*..34 MARILYN'S PORTFOLIO (with John Holmes)—The old photographer and model plot is worn, but this buxom MM look-alike is convincing and her thirst for endless varieties of sex make the film most worthwhile.*
*Comment: We don't think this Marilyn looks that much like MM, but the excellent quality of the film plus Marilyn's apparent enjoyment makes for excellent heterosexual action.*

*..35 LESBIAN PASSION—a beautiful hitchhiker is picked up by two women—the fun starts back at their apartment, and it is truly wild.*
*Comment: Good strong lesbian action—runs the gamut. Well done.*

Swank Merchandising
717 Fifth Avenue Dept. CH-976
New York, New York 10022

8mm only
Prices: $30 each. All 5 for $120
Sorry, No C.O.D.

Please rush my order of the following SWEDISH EROTICA film(s). I enclose a check or money order for $30 per film (or $120 for all five). SWANK will pay the postage, guarantee the delivery and quality or my money back in full.

______ #20 PIER PASSION I ($30)
______ #21 PIER PASSION II ($30)
______ #24 GOLDEN SHOWERS ($30)
______ #34 MARILYN'S PORT ($30)
______ #35 LESBIAN PASSION ($30)
______ All Five ($120)
Total Enclosed

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Signature ______

(I am over 21 years of age)

# SHOCKING ENOUGH TO STOP A CLOCK!

A.

B.

A. The ***Penis Pattern*** will shock and delight you and your friends. So perfect in detail and symmetry, so soft and sensuous in color. You may cringe, but you'll love it!

B. Our ***Clitoral Kaleidoscope*** in blazing color. It is so clear and exact. Its beauty at first fools the eye, then boggles the mind!

C. Our ***Heavenly Body*** is twelve times as lovely and a total turn-on for telling time.

C.

You've looked once, now look again. Friends will admire its beauty—but watch their faces as the true image dawns on them! An all-time turn-on. An all-time conversation piece.

The amazing art of ***symmegraphics*** makes these gorgeous sex-wall clocks possible. The finest clockworks guarantee accuracy for a full year on one simple "C" cell battery. That's right, no ugly wires to mar their beauty. A big 8"X8", adjustable speed for continued accuracy, convenient rear wall hook. Perfect for game room, den or bedroom wall. **A gift idea no one will ever forget!** Sure to become erotic classics. Just $30 — POSTAGE AND HANDLING INCLUDED! (Add $3 postage outside the USA and Canada). IF YOUR CLOCK DOES NOT ARRIVE IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER, JUST RETURN WITHIN TEN DAYS FOR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!

D.

**PERSONALIZED** — **send in any photo:** your face, body, pet, or any part thereof and we will make a symmegraphic clock just for you. *Absolutely no censorship!* Just add $5 to the price (total: $35) and it's yours.

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717 Fifth Ave. NY, NY 10022

Sorry, No COD

You're crazy, but I love it, so rush me my:

A. Penis Pattern________ $30
B. Clitoral Kaleidoscope________ $30
Total Enclosed $________

C. Heavenly Body________ $30
D. Personalized________ $35
Photo Enclosed

Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________